

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

No. 2740.—VOL. XCIX.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1891.

TWO } SIXPENCE.
WHOLE SHEETS } By Post, 6½d.



THE RIGHT HON. A. J. BALFOUR, M.P., FIRST LORD OF THE TREASURY.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

A French editor has been "collecting statistics as to the causes of the popularity of novelists," and I should very much like to see them. The statistics of their sale can possibly be arrived at, though not with certainty from themselves, and still less from their publishers; but the "statistics of the causes," &c., would be worth looking at. One is curious to know whence they are derived. In the form of a "Ready Reckoner" they would be invaluable in "the Row," and do away with the necessity of keeping a "Reader." For even Readers are constantly going astray, recommending what seem to them good books which do not sell, and, what is worse, rejecting others which "go like wild-fire." If their task were only to choose books for a private library, it would be easy: they would only have to consult the purchaser's taste, if he happened to have any, or their own. But to foretell what the public will like or not like, in the way of fiction—without either palmistry or physiognomy to help them—is a difficult form of fortune-telling. Readers are irreverently called "tasters," a term borrowed from the tea-market; but the tea-taster knows, at least, that the public he is providing for are tea-drinkers, whereas a novel, without any of the usual attractions of its class, may suddenly become immensely popular with a public that never reads novels at all. There have been so many instances of this of late years that it has become a question whether a certain tediousness and verbosity, plentifully sprinkled with religious orthodoxy or heterodoxy (it does not matter which), may not be in themselves attractive. The rivulet of fiction that runs through the meadow of reflection is secretly welcome to that large class who never "waste their time over a novel"—just as cheap sweet champagne will sometimes privately delight a palate that has been confined for years to "Extra Sec"—and they flatter themselves they are deriving information, or "dealing with the great problems of humanity," when they are in reality being amused. It is the success of this class of novel which makes the literary forecast (from the commercial point of view) so difficult. The popularity of the prose Tupper kind of story ("The Wide Wide Worlds" and "Queechys") is, it is true, much greater, but can in many cases be predicted. Then why, it may be pertinently asked, is it not more often done? Well, it is done; in the case of certain cheap periodicals, for example, the conductors of which are *en rapport* with "the million," and know exactly whom they like—the author who "says what they have often thought themselves, but could not express so beautifully"—and where to find him; whereas the ordinary Reader naturally shrinks from the responsibility of recommending what is obviously rubbish upon the chance of its becoming popular. About a work of real genius it is seldom that he makes mistakes; and merit of all kinds, whatever pessimists may say, is sure in the end to make its way to popularity; whereas what are called "gigantic circulations" are commonly of mushroom growth, and arise from causes beyond the ken of the trained observer.

Dickens wrote an admirable sketch of a dog that kept a man, and if the ordinary relations between the human and the canine are never so absolutely reversed, it seems certain that a certain kind of man, from keeping company with his dog, becomes akin to him and partaker of his attributes. No one who has studied the inhabitant of the Black Country and his bulldog can doubt of this. The friendship between them, however, is more tender on the one side than the other, for the man will, for money, suffer his dog to be mangled by another dog, whereas the dog will not endure his master's being attacked by another man. A curious example of the degradation of character caused by keeping low canine company is afforded by a recent railway incident, when "a gentleman of independent means" (and also manners) was charged with inciting his bulldog to attack his fellow-passengers in the train. When they naturally objected to the intrusion of this truculent animal, his master observed, "Say another word, and he'll fix the whole lot of you!" When they further remonstrated against this Cerberus being unchained and given a seat in the carriage, his proprietor observed, "Object to my dog? If you dare even to breathe I'll set him upon you!" So none of them did breathe—at all events, objections.

There is almost the same difficulty about certifying the great feats of Indian jugglers as about seeing ghosts. One would think that among the thousands of Anglo-Indians among us it would be easy to find witnesses of these apparent miracles, if they are really ever performed. Take the rope feat, with the disappearance of the man and the boy in the skies, like Jack and the Beanstalk. The trick, like the story, is told by those who have seen it in several different ways, but, so far as my experience of the narration goes, never with that admiration which one would think such a reversal of the laws of nature would compel. The alleged witness does not appear to have been particularly impressed by it, but, at the most, thought it "deuced clever." Exactly the same behaviour is to be observed in your ghost-seer: the fact of his having been selected as the solitary witness to the actuality of a future life does not strike him. He thinks this tremendous spiritual experience "uncommonly odd." Another reason which makes one sceptical of these Indian miracle-workers is that, like another set of "darkies" with whom we are more familiar, they "never perform away from home." They avoid civilised countries, where folks are incredulous and apply scientific tests. Yet they conjure for money, and if they could do in (say) the grounds of the Crystal Palace what they are said to do in the "compounds" of Hindustan they could get any amount of it. It would be worth the while of any Barnum to finance them, and in three months they would be enriched for life. But they do not come.

The result of the Sennen inquiry is not so deplorable as some persons would have led us to expect. Indeed, to those

who have seen life-boat men engaged in their duty, or who have read the record of their deeds during the late gales, it seems incredible that such a noble set of fellows should number even a single skulker among them. The worst that seems to have been amiss is a certain spirit of insubordination, which caused some of the men to question the judgment of their superior and to dispute his orders: bad enough, it may be said, indeed, but perhaps inseparable from some natures where volunteer service is concerned, and a very different thing from the charge of cowardice. It is a pity, however, at a time when our life-boat system is in essential need of support, that the shadow of such a suspicion should have rested upon it even for a moment. On the other hand, it is a subject for national self-congratulation that amateurs were not wanting to supply the place of the defaulters. As for the marine gentleman who professed himself to be as good a life-boat man as his neighbours, but *not in rough weather*, he strikes one as a humorist of a high order, and deserving of a medal (in brass) with the inscription, "For saving life in a smooth sea."

A canon of the Church has been denouncing the absence of humour among writers of the present day. There is certainly more wit in them than humour, and more cynicism than drollery; but there is still something to be thankful for in the way of fun. It seems impossible with some persons to praise the past without decrying the present, or it would be amazing that a man who can appreciate Dickens can see nothing to admire in "Mr. Gilbert's Savoy extravaganzas." Yet Dickens himself, in the very height of his high spirits, had his detractors, and found people "with a turn for literature" to prophesy that "he had gone up like a rocket and would come down like the stick." The more one reads of literary criticism, in all epochs, the rarer appears the gift of a catholic taste; and, after all, the prejudices even of a man of good judgment have very little interest for us. We want to know what he likes (in order to get the benefit of his recommendation), but not what he dislikes.

The open secret of the authorship of "The Vestiges of Creation" has at last been made public. I can remember when it was not so open. The animosity that the publication of the book excited among the orthodox was extreme, and would be unintelligible to readers of the present day, accustomed to much worse heresies, welcomed with open arms. It is well known that the author declined to stand for the provostship of his native town, for fear of "heckling" upon this subject. Asked by a near relative (who told me the story) why he did not disclose himself, he pointed to his home, and replied, "I have eleven reasons" (the number of his children) "for not doing so." To be heterodox in those days was to be socially ostracised. Moreover, besides the spleen of the orthodox, the author of "The Vestiges" had to bear the indignation of the men of science, which was excessive. The attitude of the great geologists of the day towards him had not the repose that marks the caste of Vere de Vere; they threw "chunks of old red sandstone" at him, as in the ballad, though with less effect.

How ridiculous are the efforts to free the Czar from the personal responsibilities of his position! While Lord Tennyson feels bound to express his detestation of his Majesty's decrees, he endeavours to say a good word for the Emperor himself. "I once met the Czar: he seemed a kind and good-natured man. I can scarcely believe that he is fully aware of the barbarities perpetrated with his apparent sanction." "Scarcely" and "fully" and "apparent" are strange words to apply to such a matter. The Czar is either guilty or innocent. If he is innocent, the pretence of his being an autocrat, "the father of his people," and what not, is swept away; he is merely a tool in the hands of those who "perpetrate barbarities." If, on the other hand, he authorises them, he is the worst of tyrants. His position in the one case is contemptible, in the other detestable.

The love of ladies for unwholesome delicacies is historical, and dates far beyond the era of five o'clock teas; but their passion for buns is a comparatively modern development. They will even eat that tremendous offspring of civilisation, a Bath bun, and appear none the worse for it. These angels will rush into a railway refreshment-room where foxhunters fear to tread, and sweep the board of its most terrible dainties. Not that they are greedy, like men. On the contrary, they do not care what they eat. But as persons without sentiment mourn—when they do mourn—in morbid fashion, so, when they do eat, they eat the wrong things. Their passion for buns may arise from their having been so long without clubs, and dependent upon the tender mercies of the pastrycook, and therefore be excusable. At all events, it seems hard that a champion of their own sex should denounce them, as she has lately done, for this little weakness, which she describes as showing "a want of character and dignity." It does not, surely, argue that their hearts are not in the right place, while it is a positive compliment to their digestions. It is amazing that such a charge as this should have been brought against them by one of their own sisterhood, and not a word said about their always wearing an attire that requires a hand to hold it before they can move a step!

Nature, so ready to plagiarise from the literature of fiction, has generally been guiltless of this crime as regards our more classic or standard works. It is only of late years, and chiefly in the field of sensationalism, that she has been unable to keep her hands from picking and stealing. Yet it now appears that the ideas even of such a veteran as Charles Lamb are not safe from her. It is incredible she should have imagined that his immortal essay upon roast pig has been forgotten, and it must have been sheer audacity that has caused her to trespass on such well-known ground; but it was undoubtedly with that in her mind that she put it into the head of a small boy, the other day, to set a haystack on fire, "to warm the hands of his little sister"! Let us hope that he effected his object, for the fire cost the farmer £100.

There is a foolish proverb to the effect that people should not cry out before they are hurt. It is surely a much more sensible plan than to cry out *after* they are hurt and the mischief is done. What should we think of a man who allowed himself to be run over by a steam-roller because he would not inform the driver by some forcible ejaculation that he was in the way? I know a person of culture who screams when the dentist begins to meddle with him. "Do I hurt you, or is it only that you are afraid of my hurting you?" is the gentle inquiry. "I am afraid" is the frank rejoinder, and this causes him to be treated with great tenderness. The consequences of a contrary course are simply deplorable. In an assembly of *sarans* (male) the other day, it was agreed that woman is so constituted as to suffer less from any painful operation, such as having her teeth out, than man does; and that, generally, though her life may appear harder, she does not feel things as we do, with our more highly strung natures. The one dissentient who ventured to suggest that perhaps the female does not make so much fuss about things as the male was very ill received indeed. Yet, I suppose, nothing is more certain than his contention—

When a man's a little bit poorly,
Makes a fuss, wants a nuss;
Sends for a doctor who makes him wuss,
Thinks he's going to die most surely—

whereas many women endure a lifetime of ill-health without a murmur.

HOME NEWS.

On Oct. 16 the Queen posted through Braemar to Mar Lodge on a visit to the Duke of Fife and Princess Louise (Duchess of Fife). In spite of the cold and wet weather her Majesty occupied an open carriage. She was accompanied by Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein and the Grand Duke of Hesse. Another carriage immediately followed, containing Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein and the Hon. Amy Lambert. At Mar Lodge the Queen and party stayed to luncheon.

The Queen is to arrive at Windsor Castle from Balmoral on Saturday, Nov. 21, and her Majesty will proceed to Osborne for about two months, according to present arrangements, on Friday, Dec. 18.

The Prince of Wales, who has been at Newmarket, arrived at Marlborough House on Oct. 16. The Prince and suite have been present at the performance of "Miss Decima," at the Criterion Theatre, and "The American" at the Opéra Comique. On Monday, Oct. 19, H.R.H. opened the new wing of the Royal Veterinary College, in Camden Town, and went on a visit to Lord Cadogan at Culford Hall, Bury St. Edmunds, the next day.

Lord Salisbury came to town early on Oct. 20, and returned to Hatfield in the evening. He had interviews during the day with the German, Spanish, Italian, and Turkish Ambassadors.

Mr. Goschen, addressing a meeting at Cambridge, on Oct. 15, referred to Sir W. Harcourt's challenge as to why the Government did not dissolve Parliament, and replied that it was because there was no reason whatever for an appeal to the country. Adverting to the Newcastle programme of the Liberal Federation, he said it bristled with Dissolution; and, having dwelt on the Constitutional changes which it embodied, he pointed out its omission of important social and other questions affecting the wellbeing of the people, with which the Unionist Party were prepared to deal.

Sir Charles Russell, speaking at Glossop, on Oct. 20, said the omens relating to the coming contest were promising for the Liberal Party, the bye-elections showing a gain of fifty, which he regarded as indicating that the opinion of the country was steadily tending towards Liberalism. He believed the time was not far distant when Home Rule would be carried.

The country is again threatened with a series of bye-elections. In the South Molton Division of Devonshire, where Lord Lymington's succession to his father's title creates a vacancy, the seat is being contested by Mr. Charles Buller, a member of the family to which Sir Redvers Buller belongs, on behalf of the Unionists. He is opposed by Mr. Lambert, a young Gladstonian tenant-farmer, and a vigorous contest is proceeding. In the Strand Division—contrary, it is believed, to the wish of the organisers of the Liberal Party—Dr. Gutteridge maintains a forlorn fight against Mr. Frederick Smith. For Mr. Parnell's seat in Cork it is quite possible that Mr. Michael Davitt may enter the lists as an Anti-Parnellite, while Mr. John Redmond, M.P., who now represents North Wexford, will apply for the Chiltern Hundreds, and seek re-election on the Parnellite side, which remains irreconcilable.

Sir John Lubbock has decided to accede to the wishes of his colleagues on the London County Council and to retain the chairmanship of that body until March, instead of resigning at the end of October, as was his previous intention. The vice-chairman (Sir Thomas Farrer) and the deputy-chairman (Mr. Haggis) have also consented to remain in office until the new election takes place. At a meeting of the Council on Oct. 20 it was resolved to grant a retiring pension of £966 13s. 4d. to Captain Shaw.

The Elcho Challenge Shield, won by the English Eight, was on Saturday, Oct. 17, handed over to the keeping of the Lord Mayor, and was fixed in position over the main entrance to the Council Chamber of the Guildhall. His Lordship thanked the Volunteers generally for their exertions to maintain the integrity of our island home.

The high tides and violent gale on Sunday night, Oct. 18, and the following day, caused great damage at Sandgate, where the new sea-wall was washed away, and branches were made in the road skirting the foreshore sufficiently to stop the traffic to Hythe by that route. In crossing from Dublin to Holyhead the steamer Connaught broke a paddle-float, and was for some hours exposed to the heavy sea, which swept her decks. Off St. Catherine's Point Lighthouse the French brig *Juoni Benoni*, of Nantes, was wrecked, five out of six of her crew being drowned.

At the opening meet of the Wood-Norton Harriers, on Oct. 20, a silver horn was presented by the huntsmen to the Comtesse de Paris after a luncheon given at Stowe House, Buckingham. In returning thanks the Comte de Paris expressed his acknowledgments to the farmers of the neighbourhood for having not only opened their gates for the huntsmen, but for giving them the lead over their fences.

The Duke of Connaught opened a soldiers' room on the Governor's Green, Portsmouth, on Oct. 19, the site having been given by the War Department. The building, which will serve as a club, is comfortably warmed and lighted, and supplied with books and papers.

There were further disturbances at Eastbourne on Sunday, Oct. 18. In the morning, as soon as the band of the Salvation Army began to play, the crowd rushed on the musicians, and great uproar ensued; their flag was seized and torn, and some of the instruments were captured. In the afternoon, on an attempt to hold a service at the Wish Tower, a crowd of some three thousand persons gathered, resulting in considerable turbulence, but no serious personal injury is reported.

THE VILLAGERS AND THE TOWNS.

"The North-Eastern Division of Manchester is almost entirely a working-class constituency, and contains a considerable area of insanitary streets. . . . The district of Ancoats, which is an important part of the constituency, contained at the last Census a population of 45,924 persons, but in the quarter ending July last the *births* registered therein were 483, and the *deaths* 491. The population is, in fact, stationary."

This is what I have been reading in the *Times* of this morning. What would Mr. Gigadibs suggest as a remediable measure for the district of Ancoats? Is it or is it not a desirable object to make heroic efforts to pour our thousands into the district of Ancoats? Is it an evil that in some areas of this kingdom the population is diminishing? Is it desirable that we should stimulate the growth of population in the Isle of Skye or away there in the congested districts of Ireland?

I am told that it is very alarming to see our East Anglian villages only just holding their own in regard to their population, and in many cases not even doing that. How has it come to pass? It has come to pass because the land needs fewer hands to cultivate it now than it did forty years ago. Then every man, woman, and child found work and wages in the harvest field and in many other agricultural operations. I am old enough to remember when men and women reaped the corn with the sickle, and when there was much murmuring and something worse because some farmers began to mow the wheat with a scythe.

The harvest in those days never took less than a month to gather, often much longer. Now it takes a fortnight or a day or two more. The reaping-machines that were first denounced as the poor man's worst foe have turned out to be the labourer's best friend. In East Anglia the harvest wages have doubled for the job—they are earned in half the time. The women are absent from the harvest field, and the children also.

Take another instance. Forty years ago there was a great deal of pipe-draining going on in the Eastern Counties. A man looked to earn sixpence a rod by this labour. In those days we had never heard of the *Mole plough*. It has not been a very successful invention, and it requires to be greatly improved before it can be extensively applied to agriculture. But its time will come, and why? Because more draining will have to be done, and the agricultural labourer shrinks from doing it. Hard manual toil that takes a great deal out of him he dislikes more and more. If you want a job of draining done now after the old fashion you will have to give not sixpence but a shilling a rod. So it is going on all round. We have been educating our peasantry to become something more than beasts of burden, and, while we have been doing that, we have sneered at "Hodge" and ridiculed him for his dulness and stupidity. He has chafed under it all, but he has held his peace and gone his own way to mend matters. You think him a mere drudge, and you talk as if he were one. He has made up his mind that he will lift himself out of this state of drudgery if he can. He has rebelled, and his is the rebellion of self-respect.

He says, "the best workmen—printers, painters, surgeons, traders, even lawyers and parsons and artisans," for he lumps them together—"find their place in the great towns, and the best succeed. Why should not the best labourer make a venture and try to rise above drudgery? I can read and write and cypher as well as most. I have been learning how to learn. I am honest and strong. Why should I not rise?" So he goes. He gets a place as porter at the railway-station, and the "tips" are at once his pride and his joy and his stimulus. Or he gets taken into the police force, or he works first as a common navvy on the line, but always with a reasonable hope of being rewarded for industry and steadiness by a permanent place and lighter labour and a pension on retirement. Is that an evil? Who is the worse for it? The villages—the broad acres—do not want all the men that are born there. Who are you that would fain keep these young fellows at home? Pursue the policy of Queen Elizabeth, and forbid any agricultural labourers from coming up to London or the other great towns for twenty years, and the rural districts would be crowded with the unemployed as badly as you people are in the East-End.

It seems that you in the cities can no more breed stalwart labourers or plump and chubby servant-girls than you can breed horses. Yet you keep on calling out for both one and the other, and then you pretend to be indignant because the boys and the girls and the hackneys are not kept at home—the human creatures to raise up robust families to work in the fields; the horses to look picturesque and go cantering over the Wiltshire downs or the Yorkshire wolds. And then you go muling and puling and whining about the bad houses, forsooth, in the country villages, and who of you will give a stiver to build a cottage that may replace a hovel? You tell us that we should keep the rustics at home easily enough if the landlords built commodious houses. As if you could bribe young men and young women to give up all thoughts of a career by erecting six-roomed tenements of brick and slate, and telling them authoritatively "These are to be your houses till your dying day!"

"But there's land out of cultivation." Is there? Oh, my visionary brother of the streets, does it never, never, never occur to you that even among the tillers of the soil—farmers and their labourers—there are some—at any rate some—who have heads on their shoulders and who know their own business? If there be land out of cultivation, do you really seriously believe it would continue to remain so if it would answer anybody's purpose to till it? You say, "The villages are ceasing in Israel because the landlords' rapacity has driven away the labourers!" Cart before the horse again! The truth is certain: the villagers go away when there is no work to be done, and, therefore, no wages to earn.

Friend! it is pitiful to see how well-meaning you are and yet how hopelessly ignorant you seem to be of the problems you are settling yourself to solve. It is no evil that our villages are not increasing in population. Our rustics are wanted elsewhere; they want to rise to the dignity of intelligent workers, and to escape from the status of mere drudges and toilers. When we want more toilers they will come to us from somewhere. Some will come back to us, more will stay. But as for your denunciations of that bogie of yours, the landlords, and your talk about free land, and your nostrum of five-acre allotments, and the score of other panaceas for the state of things which you call evil and we call something else, you may try them as you please, and as I suppose you must, for you have an unlimited command of talk. But the great laws that govern the world and govern society—these will vindicate themselves, and you may as well attempt to swim up Niagara as set yourselves against them.

AUGUSTUS JESSOPP.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE RIGHT HON. A. J. BALFOUR, M.P.

Mr. Arthur James Balfour, the new Leader of the House of Commons, is unquestionably one of the ablest men in it. His choice is a distinct recognition of his powers as an administrator, statesman, and debater, for it is said that Lord Salisbury's inclination was to appoint Mr. Goschen, but the Conservative voice was unanimous for Mr. Balfour, and in the end the Prime Minister gave way. Mr. Balfour is, except Pitt and Lord Randolph Churchill, the youngest leader the House has ever had, and he is also one of the most brilliant. He has greatly developed as a debater, and his readiness, acuteness of mind, and oratorical power have given him a place second, perhaps, to none save Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Chamberlain. His earlier political training was as a member of the Fourth Party, when, as member for Hertford, he conducted, though on less aggressive lines than Lord Randolph Churchill, much of the vigorous guerrilla warfare which was directed against the Liberal Government of 1880. He acted as the go-between for Mr. Gladstone and Lord Salisbury in the negotiations preceding the compromise on the Franchise Bill. When Hertford was disfranchised by the Redistribution Act of 1885, Mr. Balfour repaired to East Manchester, which he held in 1886 by a majority of 644. He has been successively President of the Local Government Board and Secretary for Scotland, but in both these positions his opportunities were small. To-day he is undoubtedly the most popular Conservative statesman since Lord Beaconsfield. He is a man of reading and culture, has written a metaphysical defence of Christianity, under the rather paradoxical title of "A Defence of Philosophic Doubt," and his Rectorial Address to the University of St. Andrews on the benefits of desultory reading marked the scholar and student. As an orator he appeals less to popular than to cultivated tastes, but he is a good fighting speaker. A good deal of the storm and stress associated with his earlier tenure of the Irish Secretaryship has abated, and he will take his place as Mr. Smith's successor with the general assent of all parties.

PRINTERS' ALMSHOUSES, WOOD GREEN.

The Duchess of Albany, on Saturday, Oct. 17, visited this institution, at Wood Green, near Hornsey, to open the new portion of its buildings, which now, as completed, occupy three sides of a parallelogram, leaving the fourth side open to the high road, with an ornamental entrance-gate. Its aspect is pleasing,



THE PRINTERS' ALMSHOUSES AT WOOD GREEN.

the architect having used red brick with stone facings for the two wings, to correspond with the style of the central portion, which contains the board-room and the library. Since 1871 there was left unoccupied a space between the wings and the middle block, which was erected in 1856. By the extension of the wings the design has been carried out. The institution is now able to afford shelter to thirty-two aged and infirm printers or widows of printers, each set of apartments being separate and independent.

At the ceremonial, which was held in a decorated marquee, her Royal Highness was accompanied by Baroness Burdett-Coutts and Mr. W. Burdett-Coutts, M.P., with whom she had lunched at Holly Lodge, Highgate. She was received by the Bishop of Bedford, Alderman Sir Polydore and Lady de Keyser, Mr. Alderman and Sheriff Tyler, Mr. Alderman Newton, Mr. George Singer, Master of the Stationers' Company; Mr. J. F. Beck, Mr. G. A. Spottiswoode, a trustee; Mr. W. H. Collingridge and Mrs. Collingridge, Mr. Edward Lawson, Mr. Littler, Q.C., Mr. T. W. Smith, Mr. W. H. Spottiswoode, Mr. F. J. E. Young, chairman of the council; Mr. Charles Bell, architect; and Mr. J. S. Hodson, secretary. Mr. G. A. Spottiswoode detailed the steps which had led to the extension of the asylum. The cost of building is already practically defrayed, £1000 having been given by an anonymous donor, and other donations amounting to £3739 1s. 11d. Of this amount £1750 had been contributed by four organisations of working printers called "auxiliaries," and the rest comes from private individuals more or less connected with the printing industry.

OPENING OF WATERLOW PARK, HIGHGATE.

The munificent gift of Sir Sydney Waterlow, Bart., to the people of North London, consisting of the delightful pleasure-grounds on the slope of Highgate Hill, beyond the north-east part of the Highgate Cemetery, attached to his former residence, Fairseat House, Highgate, has now been made available for public enjoyment. This new park, which was opened by Sir John Lubbock, Chairman of the London County Council, on Saturday, Oct. 17, has an extent of only twenty-eight acres, but is a beautiful piece of undulating ground, having a southern aspect, with fine groups of trees, pretty knolls and dells, and ornamental water. It includes the gardens and old buildings of two ancient mansions of historical note, Hertford House and Lauderdale House, the latter of which is perhaps the more notorious from Nell Gwyn having lived there in the reign of King Charles II. The cottage inhabited at that period by Andrew Marvell formerly stood on adjacent ground. Lauderdale House—a singularly picturesque structure—is, it is much to be regretted, to be pulled down, it having been ascertained that it is too dilapidated for restoration.

The ceremony of opening was shorn of much of its anticipated interest by the absence of the Prince of Wales, whose

name had been informally associated with the undertaking, and the proceedings were mainly confined to a few words of well-judged eulogy of Sir Sydney Waterlow by Sir John Lubbock, and Sir Sydney's reply.

MANSION HOUSE BALL TO MAYORS.

On Wednesday evening, Oct. 14, according to custom since 1873, the Lord Mayor (Sir Joseph Savory) and the Lady Mayoress gave a ball at the Mansion House to the mayors and provosts of the United Kingdom. There are now 298 cities and boroughs in England and Wales possessing mayors and corporations; of these 157 were represented by their chief magistrates at the Lord Mayor's ball, including the Lord Mayor of York; and Wales sent, in the person of the Marquis of Bute, the Mayor of Cardiff, accompanied by Lady Bute. Among the English and Welsh municipalities whose mayors were present were Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, Blackburn, Bradford, Derby, Hull, Leeds, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Northampton, Portsmouth, Southampton, and Plymouth. The oldest corporation in the kingdom (Winchester) also sent its mayor. The Lord Mayor of Dublin was the only Irish chief magistrate present; but Ireland was further represented by the town clerks of Belfast, Cork, and Londonderry. Of the Scotch provosts, there were the Lord Provost of Glasgow and the provosts of Dumfermline, Stirling, Selkirk, Linlithgow, and Kinghorn, besides the town clerk of Glasgow. All the mayors wore their chains and badges of office. The guests, about nine hundred in all, included also the Master Cutler of Sheffield, Sir A. K. Rollit, M.P. (president of the Association of Municipal Corporations), Mr. W. Woodall, M.P. (ex-president of that association), and Mr. Pritchard (the secretary), besides many town clerks, and a large number of ladies. The Lord and Lady Mayoress, in receiving them, were assisted by the Sheriffs and ex-Sheriffs, some of the Aldermen, and the principal officers of the City of London.

AN INDIAN ARMY CAMP OF EXERCISE.

The Madras Army, under the command of General Sir Charles Arbuthnot, has, in two successive seasons, had the advantage of performing a series of instructive military manoeuvres in the field, camps of exercise being formed with this view under Major-General C. J. East, C.B., in the country north of Secunderabad, on the frontier of the Nizam's territory of Hyderabad, nearly midway between Madras and Bombay. We gave, last year, some illustrations of camp life and habits, and of the appearance of the troops and the various camp-followers, from the photographs supplied by our esteemed correspondent, Surgeon A. G. E. Newland, of the Indian Medical Service. Of the later encampment, located at Kokutlapully, we have received from a native photographer, Lala Deen Loyal, of Indore and Secunderabad, a few illustrations, one of which appeared last week, representing a camp-servant grinding some kind of grain in a handmill for the soldiers' mess, eagerly watched by several women and children. The scenes now presented are those of a party bringing in a bullock for the use of the camp, and, being tired and thirsty, lingering a few minutes on the road; the coffee-stall established for the refreshment of the 16th Madras Infantry; and the elephant field-battery on the march. The number of troops assembled at this camp of exercise was about six thousand. Sir Charles Arbuthnot, the Commander-in-Chief, paid them a visit, remaining about seven days at the camp.

CANADIAN NORTH-WEST FARMING.

The province of Manitoba and the territories beyond it in the Canadian North-West are rapidly taking their position at the head of the wheat and cattle districts of North America.

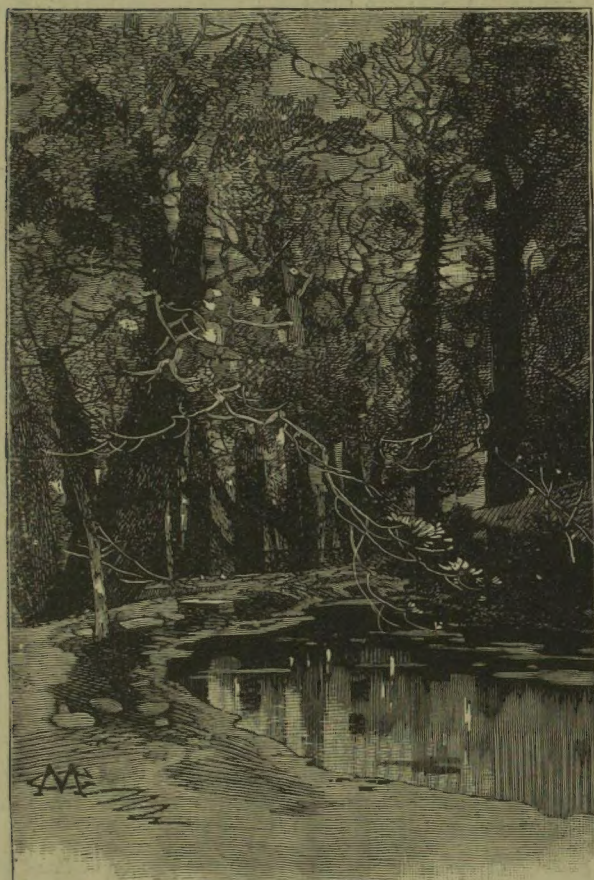
Observation and experiment have shown that the great wheat belt of the North American continent lies principally in Canada. The soil and climate are peculiarly adapted to the growth of wheat throughout the greater portion of Manitoba, Assiniboia, Saskatchewan, and Alberta, though at present the foot-hills and wide plains of the last-named territory are more devoted to cattle-ranching. The rich pasturage of those prairies, where the celebrated buffalo-grass grows in great profusion, and the general absence of snow, owing to the warm "chinook" winds of the Pacific, combine to make Alberta the most favoured district on the continent for cattle and horse ranches, while the success which has attended sheep-raising in the more hilly localities has added a new feature to the business interests of the country. Manitoba and the north-west territories of Canada are already one of the chief larders from which Europe is fed, and at an early date will stand in rank before all others. In a recent editorial article in the *New York Sun*, a paper which seldom takes a favourable view of things Canadian, that journal spoke of Manitoba as "a land of wheat," and reported that "the Pacific express on the Canadian Pacific Railroad went west one day in four sections with 1500 harvest hands on board, all bound for the great grain-fields of Manitoba. A slight tinge of yellow is stealing over the sea of waving green, and in a fortnight thousands of reapers will make music the livelong day as they are urged through the almost illimitable fields."

After making some comparisons between Manitoba and the wheat-fields of the eastern portion of the United States, complimentary while true, in favour of the Canadian province, the *New York journal* described the physical history of the country and said—

"The lake deposits, the forest growths, were among the elements that helped produce the almost inexhaustible wheat-bearing soil of Manitoba; and to-day her farmers are happy in the prospect of the greatest harvest they ever reaped. It is believed that the wheat of Manitoba will average forty bushels to the acre. Many farmers say it will average forty-five bushels. Men who have seen many seasons of Minnesota wheat-raising said in Manitoba last week that they had never looked upon such wheat-fields before. Those great fields stretching for scores of miles around Brandon, Portage la Prairie, and Deloraine are worth crossing the continent to see. The waving expanse of dark green verdure is most pleasing to the eye. The stalks stand as thick as they can grow, are unusually high, and the ears are proportionately long and well filled with the plumpest of grain."

Our illustration, from a photograph taken on a farm on the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, gives some idea of the wholesale way in which wheat is produced; and when it is stated that the proprietor of the farm was less than five years ago a labourer on a farm in Scotland, and is now worth many thousand dollars, some idea may be gained of the possibilities open to industry and perseverance, when backed by a little business enterprise.

OPENING OF WATERLOW PARK, HIGHGATE.



A RURAL SPOT.

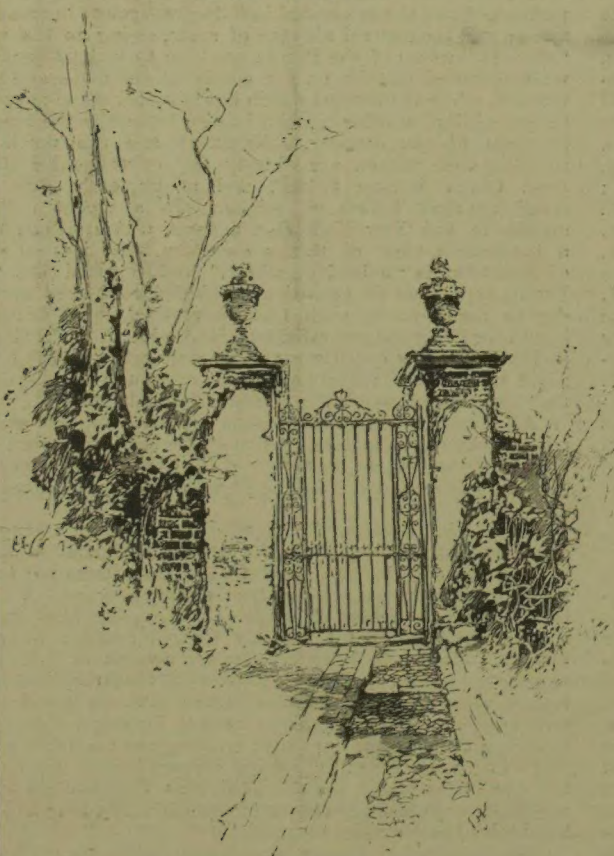


SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, BART., M.P.



SIR SYDNEY WATERLOW, BART.

THE LAKE.

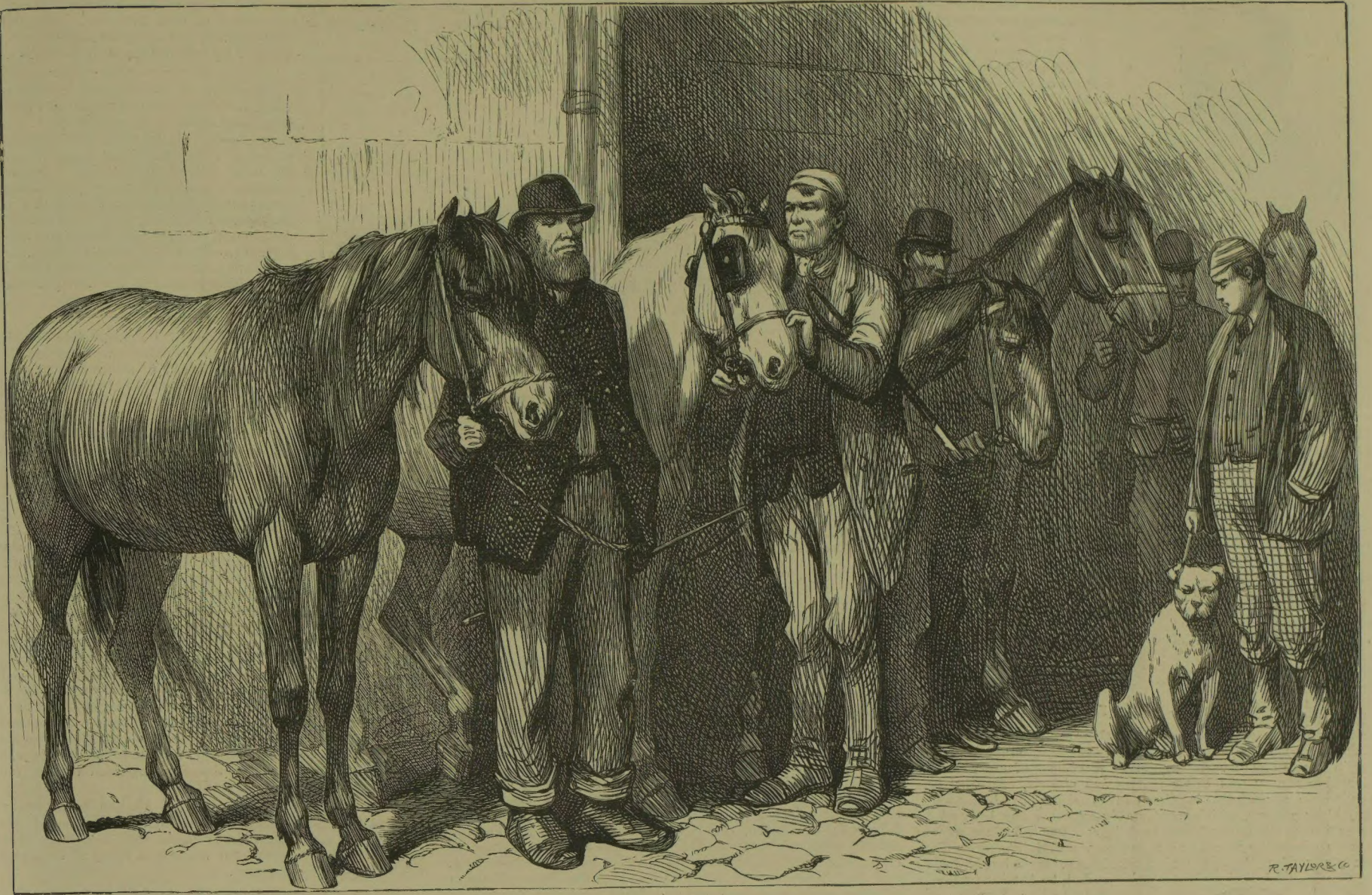


OLD WROUGHT-IRON ENTRANCE GATE.

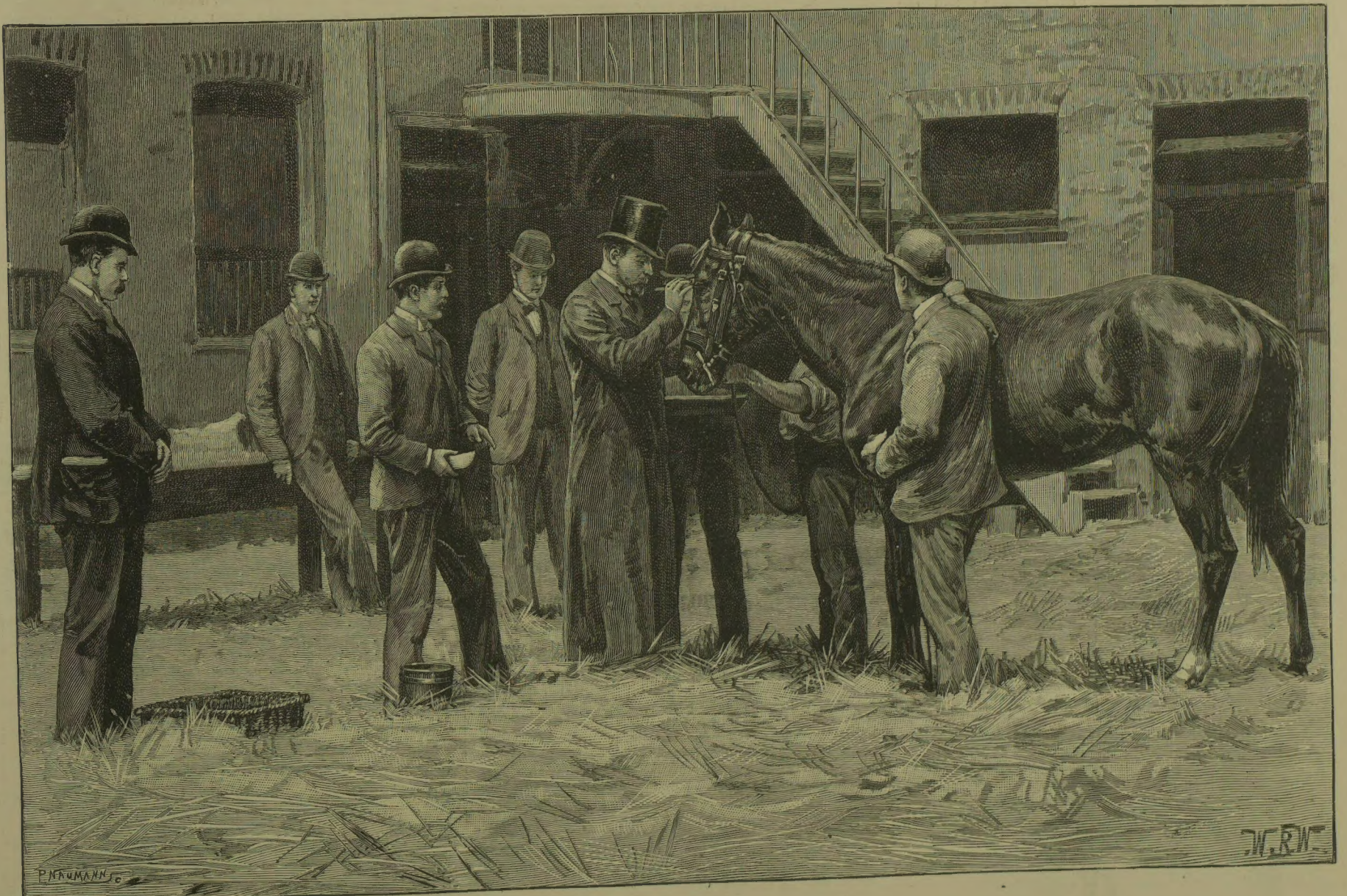


LAUDERDALE HOUSE.

THE ROYAL VETERINARY COLLEGE AND HOSPITAL, CAMDEN TOWN.



THE CASUAL WARD.



OPERATING ON A HORSE'S HEAD.

THE ROYAL VETERINARY COLLEGE.

The Prince of Wales, on Monday, Oct. 19, visited this institution, which is situated in Great College Street, Camden Town, at the luncheon given to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of its establishment, and the completion of its new additional buildings. The Duke of Cambridge, president of the college, occupied the chair.



PROFESSOR PENBERTHY.

The Royal Veterinary College, which originated a hundred years ago in a small hospital for the diseases and treatment of horses started by a Frenchman, M. Vial de St. Bel, has become one of the most complete and practically useful institutions of its kind in Europe, allied with the Army Veterinary Department and with the Royal Agricultural Society. It comprises an hospital for domestic animals, of which more than four thousand, in-patients and out-patients, were treated last year; and a college for learning the profession of veterinary surgery and medicine, attended by three or four hundred students. The Principal is Professor Brown, C.B., while Professors Axe, Penberthy, McQueen, E. R. Edwards, Coghill, and other able scientific teachers or practitioners, are members of the staff.

The premises, in spacious grounds enclosed by walls, are conveniently situated, not far from the Great Northern and Midland Railway stations in St. Pancras, and near the Metropolitan Cattle Market. There is a paddock, with a range of separate boxes for about fifty sick horses; a large shoeing - forge; accommodation for cows and calves, donkeys, sheep, and pigs; a special ward for dogs; a pharmacy, or druggist's laboratory and dispensary for medicines; an instrument-room; a fine operating-theatre, under a glass roof; a Turkish bath for horses; and an interesting museum, containing skeletons of various animals, specimens of normal and morbid anatomy, and other instructive objects. Among the serviceable appliances is the canvas sling, or hammock, upheld by pulleys, which comfortably supports the body of a horse during the cure of fractured legs. A new lecture-room, a large dissecting-room, and a museum and laboratories for the study of pathology and bacteriology, have lately been added to the institution.



PROFESSOR AXE.

Mr. Arthur Vernon, of Great George Street, Westminster, is the architect of the new buildings, which have cost £8000, and of which the Duke of Cambridge laid the foundation-stone.

Their Royal Highnesses were met by Colonel Sir Nigel Kingscote, K.C.B., the Earl of Feversham, President of the Royal Agricultural Society, the Earl of Coventry, Lord Ribblesdale, Lord Stalbridge, General Sir F. Fitz-



MR. P. D. COGHILL.

wygram, Mr. Walter Gilbey, Mr. Burdett-Connors, Mr. C. B. Berens, Colonel J. D. Lambert, C.B., the Professors of the college, and other well-known surgeons or physicians, and the secretary, Mr. R. A. Powys, with many of the students. The luncheon, at which the Prince of Wales made a genial speech on the merits of the institution, followed by Professor Brown, Sir Nigel Kingscote, and the Duke of Cambridge responding to the toast of his health, took place in a marquee erected in front of the new buildings. We give a portion of the speech delivered by the Prince of Wales: "I take the deepest interest in all that concerns horses and dogs. I look upon them as our friends. At the same time we must not neglect cattle, sheep, and pigs, which are useful to us. This college stands entirely on its own merits, having never received help from the Government or assistance from outside, except, perhaps, that from the Royal Agricultural Society of England. Great and important improvements have recently been effected here. The college has done its utmost to make its teaching better day by day, to endeavour to raise the status of its pupils, and to meet their requirements by introducing into the college better opportunities of studying the diseases connected with other animals than the horse only. The growing importance of veterinary knowledge and science is constantly increasing, from the enhanced value, not only of horses of all breeds, but of cattle, sheep, and pigs, and from the additional liability to infectious disease.

The illustrious president of this college has on many occasions acknowledged the valuable assistance of veterinary art in connection with the military service over which he presides. I have watched with the greatest interest how well the Royal Agricultural Society and the college have worked together to their mutual advantage, and also to the advantage of the agricultural interests of the country.



NEW BUILDINGS OF THE ROYAL VETERINARY COLLEGE.

That society has always been foremost in supporting this college. In 1842 it granted £200 a year in assisting to found a chair of cattle pathology, and this has recently been increased to £500 per annum in aid of pathology and research, which is now actively engaged in looking for diseases which have been productive of serious loss in live-stock. The centenary of the college is drawing to its close. I ask you to drink most cordially 'Success and continued prosperity to the institution.'

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Monza interview has been the chief topic of interest in political circles during the past few days. No authentic statement having been published as to the motives which led to the meeting between M. de Giers and the Marquis di Rudini and the result thereof, the Continental newspapers have been busy trying to guess what really did take place, and all express the most various views. If, however, they differ as to details, they are unanimous in declaring that the result of the Monza interview will no doubt be favourable to the maintenance of peace.

The drift of opinion in the capitals of the four countries most interested was as follows: In Germany it was believed that M. de Giers attempted to turn Italy from the Triple Alliance; in Vienna, that the Russian Minister for Foreign Affairs simply recommended Italy to adopt a policy of neutrality; in Paris, that the visit was chiefly one of courtesy, and that there was no cause to fear that the Franco-Russian alliance might be endangered; in Rome that the Marquis di Rudini communicated the terms of the Triple Alliance to M. de Giers in order to convince him that Italy is not hostile to Russia.

In this country the general impression is that Russia took into her confidence the most friendly of the Powers forming the Triple Alliance in order to show that she is as anxious to preserve peace as any other European Power. This is the more likely as, for some years to come, Russia will have to work hard to complete her armament and her strategical railways, both in Europe and in Asia. Thus, here as well as on the Continent, the Monza interview is looked upon as favourable to the peace of Europe.

Notwithstanding the pacific assurances of which monarchs and statesmen have been so profuse lately, Germany is just now on the point of making a new and bold experiment in order to increase the number of her powerful army by reducing from three years to two the term of military service. "Two-years battalions" are to be created at once in a regiment of the Guards, and in two regiments of the line. They will be composed exclusively of recruits, who will be trained by specially appointed officers and non-commissioned officers. By February next the young soldiers must be ready to undertake sentry duties; next spring and summer they will be instructed in company manoeuvres, and at the end of twelve months in battalion and regiment drill. This will conclude the first year's training, which in the second year will be repeated on a more extensive and thorough scale. All the men composing the "Two-years battalions" having acquired the same degree of instruction, it will be possible to ascertain at the end of that period whether efficient soldiers can be turned out in twenty-four months, instead of thirty-six as at present.

Should the experiment prove successful, Germany will be able to increase by one third the number of men yearly passed into the reserve, and would dispose of a much larger army in case of mobilisation.

Germany, like France, has had its decoration scandal. Hofrath Manche, formerly chief of the Civil Cabinet of the Emperor William I.—a post from which he was dismissed—was recently prosecuted for extorting money from a manufacturer. This gentleman, named Thomas, was anxious to be made a Commerzienrath, and, through a man named Meyer, who was Manche's confederate, paid £250 to the latter to obtain the title for him. There was also a large sum of money—namely, £1500, which had been entrusted by Thomas to Manche for a specific purpose, which Manche was accused of embezzling. Manche denied having received the £250, and said he had refunded £1000 out of the £1500. It came out during the trial that a police captain and a countess were confederates of Manche, who had been in the habit of receiving payment for obtaining titles. Manche was sentenced to nine months' imprisonment.

On Oct. 14 the scientific world of Berlin celebrated the seventieth birthday of Professor Virchow, the eminent pathologist, who received deputations from the German Ministry of Public Instruction and from the principal scientific and learned bodies not only of Germany, but of Great Britain, Holland, Italy, Poland, Russia, Belgium, Switzerland, Norway, Sweden, Japan, &c. Dr. Semon and Mr. Horsley, the British delegates, presented to the veteran scientist an address and medal sent by the scientific societies of Great Britain.

A new Museum of Fine Arts was inaugurated at Vienna, on Oct. 17, by the Emperor of Austria. The new building, situated on the Ring, was designed by Herr Sempner, a distinguished architect, who died before it was completed, and was succeeded by Baron Hassenauer, who was present at the opening ceremony, and was complimented by the Emperor. The galleries of the new museum are spacious, lofty, well

lighted, and admirably adapted to the purpose for which they were intended. The pictures are grouped by schools, according to nations, and are extremely numerous and valuable.

The death of the King of Wurtemberg and the accession of King William II. have made the Duke of Wurtemberg, who was commanding the 3rd Austrian Army Corps at Gratz, heir-presumptive to the crown of that kingdom. The Duke, in consequence, has resigned his post in order to take up his residence at Stuttgart.

The King of the Belgians, in conversation with a French journalist, has confirmed the statement made at Marseilles by M. Buis, the Burgomaster of Brussels, with regard to the policy of Belgium. King Leopold said that M. Buis' speech expressed his ideas quite accurately, and emphatically protested against the calumnies of certain French newspapers. He asserted that Belgium, as a neutral State, could not, and would not, side with any European Power—a course which, besides, would be contrary to that country's interests, and might jeopardise her independence and her very existence.

The French representative in Egypt, acting under instructions from his Government, has refused to allow French chemists' shops to be inspected by the recently appointed Egyptian officials. The French Government contends that the new regulations, sanitary and otherwise, drawn up by the Government of the Khedive are illegal and a violation of the Capitulations. On several occasions the Government inspector was confronted by a member of the French Consulate and had to withdraw before his protest. The other European establishments submit to the new regulations without demur.

It has not yet been ascertained what the exact state of things is in the Pamir region. Conflicting accounts have been received from various sources, and the British Government has decided to await Captain Younghusband's report before taking any action. But the Chinese Government seems to be in possession of authentic information to the effect that the Russians have committed acts of aggression on territory belonging to China; for the Chinese Minister, who had returned from St. Petersburg to Berlin, where he intended to spend the winter months, was instructed to return immediately to the Russian capital in order to ask for explanations. It has been stated in a German newspaper that a Chinese officer met the Russian expedition on the Murghab River, and protested against their entering Chinese territory, but that the Russians, being in greater force than the Chinese, disregarded the protest and continued their march forward.

As to the alleged violation of Afghan territory by the Russians, no information has been received from authoritative sources, and it is rather improbable that such an aggression could have been committed without it being at once reported to the Indian Government.

Indian public opinion is evidently uneasy over the Russian movements on the Pamir steppes. The Calcutta correspondent of the *Times* wrote lately of the disquietude produced there by the news that two of our officers had been "excluded" from territory which has hitherto been regarded as neutral, and an excited and bellicose letter from Bombay, in a recent *Standard*, spoke of 32,000 square miles of ground having been forcibly taken from China and Great Britain and annexed by Russia, whom it boldly threatens with the terrors of war. Central Asian intelligence is usually vague and difficult to test, though the extension of the telegraph to Gilgit, which lies on the extreme north-west of our Indian possessions, has proved of immense help in enabling us to acquire prompt information. There appears no doubt, however, that the Russians have laid claim to ground on the east which has hitherto been regarded as Chinese, and their forcible removal of Captain Younghusband and Lieutenant Davison from the Alichur and Little Pamirs clearly calls for diplomatic explanations.

What the upshot of this Central Asian crisis will be it is difficult to say. The Pamirs are a sort of "no man's land"; they are cold, sterile wastes, of no great use to anyone, while the narrow strip of Afghan territory called Wakhan, which lies immediately to the south, and adjoins the Hindu Kush Mountains, the natural frontier of British India, is almost as barren and valueless. At the same time, national prestige must be considered, and it may be politic and even necessary sometimes to retain unproductive possessions rather than incur the suspicion of weakness by retiring. The moral effect on the Indian native States of giving up ground which was assigned to Great Britain by the international arrangement of 1872 would be far more mischievous than the inconvenience of maintaining a few intrenched posts and Goorkha pickets on these uncomfortable highlands. At the same time the present scare will do good if it spurs on the rather inert Government of India to take proper steps to garrison passes such as the Karakoram, the Darkot, Baroghil, &c., besides placing a British resident in Hunza, and fortifying the passes leading into that valley. It is not likely that a large force would ever try to invade India over these icy plateaux and formidable mountains. The main body of the enemy would be always sure to advance by one of the great historical highways, via Cabul or Candahar. But a flank column operating this way might throw our defensive measures into confusion, and, by stirring up the independent tribes north of the Black Mountains, to say nothing of the native State of Kashmir and its heterogeneous population, might make things excessively unpleasant for the British power. From every point of view, therefore, the present situation requires careful watching and prompt measures.

Nearly Ready.

ILLUSTRATED LONDON ALMANACK FOR 1892.
SIX PICTURES IN CHROMO.

Monthly Calendar—Tables of Duration of Sunlight—Diagrams of Duration of Moonlight—High-water Tables—Festivals, Seasons, Terms, Symbols, &c.—Astronomical Occurrences for 1892—Eclipses, &c.

By JAMES GLAISHER, F.R.S.

TWELVE ILLUSTRATIONS, as Headings to Calendar, of THE HOMES OF THE ENGLISH NOBILITY.

Useful Statistics for Reference throughout the Year—National Income and Expenditure—Government Offices—Postal Information—Stamps, Duties, and Licences—Public Acts passed during the last Session of Parliament—Notable Occurrences—The Recent Census, and Obituary.

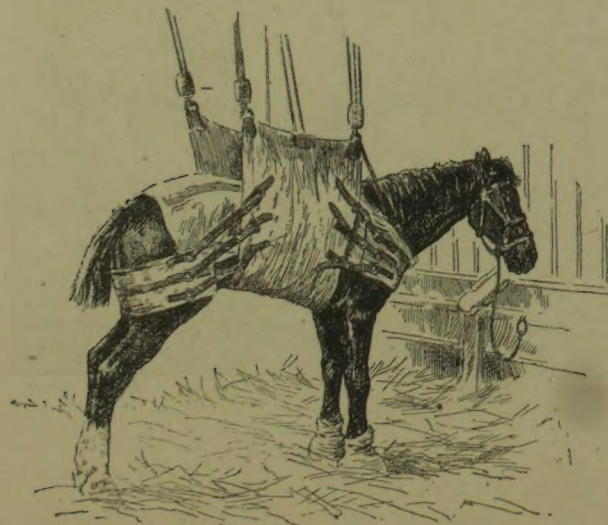
TWELVE FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Edited by JABEZ HOGG, F.R.M.S., M.R.C.S., &c.

IN PICTORIAL COVER.

Price ONE SHILLING; Postage, Twopenny—Halfpenny.

Published at the Office of THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, 103, Strand, Post-Office Orders, &c., Payable to IGHAM BROTHERS.



HORSE IN SLINGS: A CASE OF LAMINITIS.

PERSONAL.

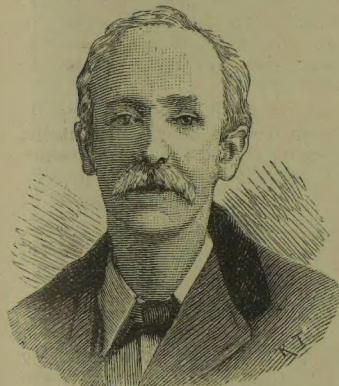
Dr. Liddell, of Christ Church, who has announced his approaching retirement as the Dean of the college with which his life has been associated, is not only one of the leading figures in University life, but a scholar of European reputation. The voluminous Greek lexicon which he compiled in conjunction with the late Dean Scott, of Rochester, is a monumental work, exhibiting the richest manner of scholarship, and has completely taken the place of every other dictionary of its kind. His "History of Rome" in the *Student's Home Series* has long been a standard work for schools. Perhaps the

THE VERY REV. DR. LIDDELL.

most notable period of his long University career belonged to the years 1870 to 1874, when he was Vice-Chancellor of the University of Oxford. He was a strict disciplinarian, a man of great personal dignity, with a finely impressive presence. Before his appointment as Dean of Christ Church, in which he succeeded Dean Gaisford in 1855, he was Head Master of Westminster School.

The singularly graceful act of conferring a peerage on Mrs. Smith has not, as is usual in such cases, been limited to her life. Not, of course, that the Crown is in the habit of creating life peerages. Its right to do so has remained doubtful since the case of Lord Wensleydale, forty years ago. It has been usual, however, to make inquiries concerning ladies who have been marked out for peerages as to whether they had, or were likely to have, issue. These inquiries were made in the case of Lady Beaconsfield and Lady Macdonald, and a list of lady peers made during the last fifty years will reveal similar results. In Mrs. Smith's case there was a deliberate intention that the title should descend to her son, Mr. Frederick Smith, who will thus perpetuate the tribute paid to his father's services and character.

The death of Mr. Gilbert Arthur à-Beckett, who died on Oct. 16, is a real loss to the lighter kind of literature, in which he excelled. He was at Christ Church, joining his college, curiously enough, in the same year as Dean Liddell. His literary work has been singularly varied. He united to his position in the Treasury the writing of theatrical pieces of a fugitive character, as well as a poetic drama called "The White Pilgrim," of which he was joint author with Mr. Herman Merivale, and the composition of libretti such as that attached to "The Canterbury Pilgrims" and "Savonarola," the former of which is an admirable



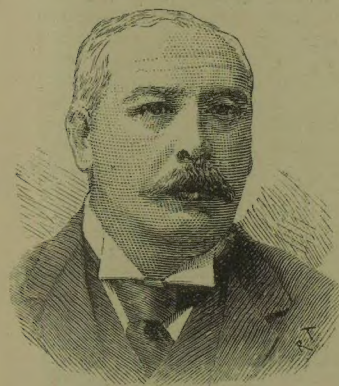
THE LATE MR. GILBERT A-BECKETT.

piece of work. He has written many lyrics, both words and music, and was an amateur artist of rare merit. His work, however, was most constantly before the public in the pages of *Punch*, of whose staff he was a regular member. It was always graceful and thoroughly literary in form. He was a man of kindly temper and very amiable character, a humorist in talk as well as in print. He had lately the misfortune to lose his only son by drowning, and his precarious health must have taken from him much of the enjoyment of life—

Farewell, fine spirit! To be owned thy friend
Was something to illumine the unwelcome end
Of comradeship below.
A loving memory long our board will grace,
In fancy, with that sweet ascetic face,
That brow's benignant glow,

is Mr. *Punch's* parting tribute to his deceased contributor.

A resident at St. Anne's, a seaside place on the Lancashire coast, Mr. Charles W. Macara, was painfully impressed by witnessing the sad disaster, in a wintry storm, by which the crew of the St. Anne's life-boat, and all but two of the Southport life-boat crew, lost their lives in a brave effort to save those on board a vessel wrecked on that shore. Mr. Macara, who is chairman of St. Anne's branch of the Royal National Life-Boat Institution, has this year been exerting his influence to aid its funds by promoting a "Life-Boat Sunday" or a "Life-Boat Saturday" collection of money, following the example of similar collections for hospitals, in



MR. C. W. MACARA.

large towns and cities; and Manchester has taken the lead. We have frequently described the operations of this noble institution, which has its headquarters in London, at 14, John Street, Adelphi, and of which Mr. Charles Dibdin is secretary. Its finances are now in an alarming situation, with a deficit of £33,000 in last year's account. It maintains, with local assistance, a fleet of three hundred life-boats on the coasts of the United Kingdom, and has, since its establishment, been instrumental in saving 36,000 lives. Donations, bequests, and subscriptions will indeed be well bestowed. The Manchester collection of Saturday, Oct. 17, made the local fund amount to £5000, with money still coming in.

Edouard Lockroy, the French Deputy and man of letters, whose pamphlet on Marshal von Moltke's military memoirs has excited so much comment at home and abroad, was, till lately, chiefly known in Paris as being the husband of Victor Hugo's daughter-in-law. Born some fifty-three years ago in Normandy, Lockroy is the son of a one-time well-known dramatic author. When still quite a young man he accompanied Ernest Renan in the latter's journeyings through the

East, as private secretary; and some years later joined Garibaldi, and took part in the Sicilian expedition. Since 1865 he has contributed to and edited a number of papers. Lockroy has been twice imprisoned on account of having written anti-constitutional articles, and once for fighting a duel with Paul de Cassagnac, the Bonapartist journalist. Edouard Lockroy is now a slight, white-haired man. He sits in the French Parliament among the moderate Republicans. Victor Hugo was much attached to his son's successor, and always insisted on M. and Madame Lockroy making their home with him, both in Paris and the country, and constituted the former his grandchildren's guardian after his own death.

Prince Damrong, who has just been making a prolonged



PRINCE DAMRONG OF SIAM.

visit to England, is the half-brother of the King of Siam, and is thirty-five years of age. His full name is Kron Mun Phudharet Damrong-sakdi, and he has come to Europe to make a study of the systems of education in the Western World. The present King of Siam, Chulalongkorn I., is thirty-eight years old, and has reigned twenty-three years. Prince Damrong holds the offices of Minister of Public Instruction and Minister of Ecclesiastical Affairs. He is attended by two secretaries, who are Prince Prom, of the

Royal Treasury, and Baron Tothom, of the Foreign Office, and by Phya Deves, Master of the Horse and Chamberlain of the Household. Mr. Morant, of New College, Oxford, is tutor to the young Crown Prince of Siam at Bangkok.

The German community resident in London has lost one of its oldest and esteemed members by the death of the Rev. Adolphus Walbaum, D.D., who was one of the founders, in 1845, of the German Hospital at Dalston, in which Baron von Bunsen and the late Prince Consort took much interest, and which has undoubtedly been a great boon to their countrymen. Dr. Walbaum was honorary secretary and chaplain to that institution, and was also minister of the German Lutheran Church in Alma Road, Dalston, and of the German Chapel Royal. He has died in the eighty-fourth year of his age.



THE LATE REV. A. WALBAUM, D.D.

OUR PORTRAITS.

Our portraits of the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour and Sir John Lubbock, Bart., M.P., are from photographs by Messrs. Elliott and Fry, 55, Baker Street, W.; that of the late Mr. Gilbert à-Beckett by A. Bassano, 25, Old Bond Street, W.; the Very Rev. Dr. Liddell (Dean of Christ Church, Oxford), by Lafayette, of Dublin; Mr. Percival Spencer, by Messrs. A. Farsari and Co., of Yokohama; the late Rev. A. Walbaum, D.D., by Mr. W. Nicholson, of Ventnor, Isle of Wight; that of Sir Sydney Waterlow by Walery, of Regent Street; Prince Damrong of Siam, by the Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street; and Mr. Macara, by Mr. J. C. Bradshaw, 25, Victoria Street, Manchester.

INTERCOLONIAL CRICKET AND FOOTBALL.

Never previously in the history of our national sports has there been such an abundance of transoceanic competition. We have just welcomed home from South Africa a team of Rugby Union football players, whose career, extending over many thousands of miles in that colony, was marked with enthusiasm no less remarkable than their unbroken series of victories. For some weeks past an English cricket eleven, under the guidance of Lord Hawke, has been playing matches against the crack American clubs, in the first two of which, at Philadelphia, it is pleasant to record that the old country and the new each experienced a defeat and a victory. Another cricket team, promoted by Lord Sheffield—than whom our national games have no keener supporter—containing, moreover, the veteran champion, Dr. W. G. Grace, is now on its way to Australia; while the varying record of the Canadian Association football players against our leading English, Scotch, and Irish clubs continues to occupy a prominent position in the daily press. For many years past, at no distant intervals, Australia has sent her finest cricket material to contend against that of the mother country, and the visit of the Maori footballers will not readily be forgotten by those who witnessed their excellent performances. The remarkable increase of late in these international ventures is matter for the sincerest congratulation. Until quite recently such competitions had been confined to an occasional yacht-race with America, certain professional sculling and athletic competitions, and earlier yet, and not perhaps wholly deserving of condemnation at that date, pugilistic combats for the championship of the world. On all such the present interchange shows a distinct and vast improvement. Instead of being confined to a single event, contested in one particular spot by an individual, these football and cricket teams traverse the country far and wide, visiting each important town, and probably doing more to maintain and promote international amity, by reaching the heart of the people, than any other device that could be imagined. It is almost matter of regret that the fifteen just returned from South Africa was of such invincible strength, for football in such low latitudes has not the same chances of attaining perfection as it has in England. But though long before the end of the tour the result of each match must have been a foregone conclusion, the hearty appreciation of the colonial spectators remained throughout undiminished. The Canadian eleven now playing in England, though far stronger and more capable than their predecessors of a year or two ago, are still scarcely a match for our famous English professional clubs; but their efforts towards victory are invariably appreciated and cheered by the thousands who watch their matches.

SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF MR. PARNELL.

BY A FREE-LANCE.

One day, over twenty years ago, I called on Isaac Butt, then leader of the Irish Parliamentary Party, at his residence, Henrietta Street, Dublin. Butt came into the room in his pleasant, genial way, shook me warmly by the hand, and said: "My dear fellow, you will have to wait twenty minutes. I have got a splendid recruit, and I cannot leave him. It is young Parnell—an historic name—and I tell you what it is, my friend, the Saxon will find him an ugly customer, though he is a d—d good-looking fellow!" This was the first I had heard of Mr. Parnell. I had joined the "Home Rule Confederation" very soon after it was formed. I remember well the Parliamentary campaign of 1874-80. I saw the Irish Party of those days gradually fade away. It used to be the joke of the Lobby in the years 1878-9 that "no two members of the Irish Party were on speaking terms with each other." Mr. Parnell came, and all was changed. A rabble was turned into an army, and victory on victory followed defeat after defeat.

It was in 1881 that I first came to know Mr. Parnell. During that year I was with him in the House of Commons constantly. It was a year of fierce struggle. In 1880 I had gone to Bradford, at the invitation of the Home Rule League, to induce the Irish of that division to "go solid for Mr. Forster." I met an "old Fenian" in the town—not a man to be classed with the dynamitards or agrarian murderers, but a man of the school of O'Mahony and Stephens, of Luby and O'Leary. He said: "You are going to help the Liberals. All right! They will introduce a Coercion Bill the moment they get into office. But I won't interfere. I saw a telegram from Mr. Parnell, saying, 'Vote for the Liberals.' I won't go against him; but I won't vote at all." The Liberals came in, and they did introduce a Coercion Bill. Over that Bill there was one of the fiercest Parliamentary fights on record. While the struggle lasted I spent many nights pacing the corridors of the House with Mr. Parnell.

Mr. Bright made one of his best speeches in support of the Coercion Bill. An Irish member was put up to reply. He failed utterly. The night afterwards I said to Mr. Parnell: "Mr. Bright has not been answered, and his speech has produced a great effect upon the House." "Well, what do you wish me to do? I put up—one of our best men, and he failed. I can do no more. I quite recognise that Bright has not been properly dealt with. He ought to be treated as an old friend who has gone wrong. In fact, the story of his past career ought to be told to him in the House. His old speeches ought to be read to him." "Well, it is not too late yet." "Oh, yes; these things ought to be done on the instant to have any effect." Then he paused, and added: "But really it does not matter. Those people don't care for speeches; reasoning has no effect on them—force has. We must bind them by their own rules. If they keep to the rules of the House they will never get this Bill through. I shall take care of that. If they break the rules they will injure themselves by violating the Constitution. In either case we are gainers. We shall turn the House of Commons upside down, or make them do it. When we have turned the House of Commons upside down, the English people will think about Home Rule. You must beat an Englishman to make him do anything. He will respect you when he finds that you are his match." While we were walking up and down one of the corridors Lord Granville came along; he was soon followed by Lord Kimberley and other members of the Cabinet.

"A Cabinet Council," said Mr. Parnell, with one of his keenest looks: "they are at their wits' ends. I wonder what they are going to do? Something violent. Those men don't know it, but we are driving them into Home Rule. — wants me to stop this debate [on coercion]. Have you ever heard such nonsense? I shall hold out to the end. If they continue the fight according to the rules, we shall beat them. If they break the rules, and so force the Bill through, they won't gain much by that." A newspaper reporter came up. "Will you speak to-night, Mr. Parnell?" "Well, I do not know. There is, I suspect, a Cabinet Council going on. I shall just wait and see what will come out of it. I suspect they mean to do something violent." A short time afterwards the debate on the first reading of the Bill was stopped by the Speaker, after the House had been sitting without interruption for forty-one hours. Mr. Parnell was in bed at the Westminster Palace Hotel early in the morning when news of what had happened was brought him. "What shall we do now?" said the member who had come. "Be in your places at twelve when the House meets," said the chief. It was Wednesday. The Irish members were in their places when the House met. Mr. Parnell was at their head. He attacked the conduct of the Speaker in stopping the debate. A warm discussion ensued. It was kept up until a quarter to six, when the House rose. No business was done. One day I said to him: "I am amused at people speaking of O'Connell's moderation and of your violence. I do not think you could, under any circumstances, be as violent as O'Connell." He turned around suddenly (we were walking near Charing Cross) and said, "Oh, indeed! I thought quite the reverse. But I should like to see O'Connell's speeches. I am glad, however, that you do not think me violent. I do not want to be violent. The thing is to be forcible without being violent." "But sometimes you must be violent. Bright once said to me, 'I do not object to violence, provided it rests on a moral basis.' " "Did Bright say that?" "Yes. Bright's point was that the violence of the Land League does not rest on a moral basis." "I understand. But did Mr. Bright see that the violence of the English Government in Ireland does not rest on a moral basis? I must go. Good-night!" and we parted.

Sitting in the smoking-room one evening, I said, "The O'Gorman Mahon thinks that Lord Beaconsfield will be the man to introduce Home Rule." He smiled, sipped his tea, and said, "Oh! I don't think so. Mr. Gladstone will do it." Mark what I say! We are improving our position every day." I said: "What do you think of Chamberlain?" "Well, I haven't seen much of him. I met him with Mr. Morley. Morley is a good fellow." "But our people will oppose him in Newcastle?" "Well, I don't know. They are placed in a difficult position. Personally, I should like to see Mr. Morley in the House. He is making a good fight for us in the *Pall Mall*."

These are recollections of old days. The time for writing of more recent events has not yet come. But I may repeat the last words I heard Mr. Parnell speak: they show the dauntless spirit of the man. It was at Euston. He was on his way to Ireland. Someone said, "Well, Mr. Parnell, I do not think you will come back from the General Election with five followers. In fact, I think you will come back absolutely alone." He smiled, and said calmly, "Well, if I do come back absolutely alone, one thing is certain—I shall then represent a party whose independence will not be sapped." He passed into the train, and I saw him no more.



BALL GIVEN TO PROVINCIAL MAYORS AND MAYORESSES AT THE MANSION HOUSE: THE RECEPTION.



The door opened and, to the astonishment of both, Catherine herself appeared

"COME LIVE WITH ME AND BE MY LOVE."

AN ENGLISH PASTORAL.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN

AUTHOR OF "GOD AND THE MAN," "THE SHADOW OF THE SWORD," &C.

CHAPTER V.

A TURN OF FORTUNE'S WHEEL.

How pleasant it is to have money, heigho!
How pleasant it is to have money!—*Cleugh.*

Catherine was away for a long time. The blue fly hummed in the kitchen window-pane, the drowsy murmur of the farm came from without, while the Gaffer, still gripping his staff, dozed in his chair. George remained in the shadow, glancing at Bridget, who sat sewing in her place at the window. No one spoke a word.

Social intercourse in country districts is composed of large intervals of silence. The deep dreamy peace of nature slips into the dispositions of men, and makes them taciturn even when they are fairly happy. Life runs slowly, and thoughts are calm. It was quite pleasure enough for Bridget to sit and sew, first glancing occasionally towards her lover, and for George to watch her with gentle eyes. Even the Gaffer's presence had ceased to be irksome.

Presently the Shepherd rose, and, glancing toward the inner passage, whence came the low murmur of voices in conversation, moved towards the door. The Gaffer, like a weasel asleep, opened his eyes and watched the tall figure go out into the sunshine; then, suddenly becoming aware of his son's presence, he growled—

"Best go home, *you*. I'll be coming by-and-by."

The young man made no answer, but Bridget looked at him with a smile.

"Catherine and Mr. Hillford are having a long talk," she said. "I hope it's nothing unpleasant."

"I hope not," returned George.

At that moment the Gaffer pricked up his ears, for there was the sound of a door opening and of voices talking in the passage; then the front door closed and the voices ceased. But Catherine did not reappear. The three, listening attentively, heard her ascending the stairs to the upper part of the house and then moving to and fro in the bedchamber above.

Bridget put down her sewing, and rose, with a nervous look at George.

"I'm sure something has happened," she said. "I will go and see!"

George nodded approval, but the Gaffer, suddenly shaking off his torpor, exclaimed sharply—

"Tell her, will 'ee, that I'm waiting for my money, and that I sha'n't stir till my money comes."

As Bridget hesitated, with an indignant glance at her tormentor, the sounds above ceased, the footsteps were heard again descending, and immediately afterwards Catherine entered the kitchen.

Her face was pale, and her eyes were red as if she had been crying; but, despite these signs of excitement, she was smiling. Without once looking at either George or the Gaffer, she crossed the kitchen to Bridget, bent over her, and kissed her on the forehead.

"Oh, Catherine!" Bridget cried, returning the kiss. "Something has happened?"

"Nothing," replied Catherine, with a faint hysterical laugh. "Only Mr. Hillford's so fond of talking, I thought he would never go."

"What did he come for? Was Jasper right? or was it only?"

"I'll tell you all about it presently," said Catherine, with another kiss; then turning, with her old manner, to the Gaffer, she added: "Not gone yet? Perhaps you're curious to know what the lawyer had to tell me? Perhaps you wouldn't mind much if it was bad news he'd brought me?"

"That's none o' my business," growled the Gaffer. "Every hen must sit on her own nest. I'm waiting for my money, that's all!"

Catherine laughed outright, and then, for the first time since her return, looked at George, who became the very picture of humiliation. As she looked at him her face seemed to grow actually luminous for a moment—flooded with light, like the new moon. No one observed that momentary change, and no one present, observing it, would have understood its significance, as the expression of a heart full of love to overflowing.

It came as it went, and Catherine was herself again. Standing face to face with the Gaffer, with her arms akimbo, she laughed anew.

"Cease thy clatter!" cried the Gaffer, striking on the tiled floor with his staff. "Can ye pay me my money, or not, *you*?"

"Suppose I can't?" returned Catherine; "what then?"

"Why, then, 'tis a bad lookout for thee and thine," said the old man, setting his lips tight together and rising to his feet. Curiously enough, Catherine only smiled and shrugged her shoulders; then, whispering to Bridget, led her quietly from the kitchen, pausing at the inner door to cast another look at George. Furious at this quiet defiance, the Gaffer

shuffled towards the threshold, muttering to himself. George followed him, sick and sad at the turn the affair had taken, and the two came out into the full sunshine of the farmyard.

Here George paused, and looked sullenly at his father. "What are you going to do?" he asked. "I suppose you'll give them time?"

The Gaffer's only answer was a malicious grin.

Father and son parted down among the green lanes, the latter, finding all remonstrance useless, having refused to accompany his father home. The afternoon shadows were lengthening when the Gaffer, breathing hard after his long walk, reached the Warren Farm—a grim, dreary, tumble-down group of buildings, for the most part uninhabitable, immediately surrounded by acres of coarse land. The place was like its owner, sadly out of repair. Portions of the granaries had been destroyed by fire, other portions were blackened and seared by the same devouring element. The habitable part of the place consisted of a two-storeyed house or cottage, roofed with thatch, some stables, some barns and sheds, and a few labourers' out-houses. The farmyard was strewn with loose stones, and overgrown with long grass and thistles. There was little indication anywhere of even moderate prosperity.

But the farm, like its owner, was deceptive. Beyond the coarse acres of The Warren, burrowed over and under by the cony and the mole, were green stretches of meadow and great fields heavy with golden grain, all of which belonged to the Gaffer. Lines of pollards showed where the streamlets ran, watering the fruitful soil. Sleek-coated cattle sunned themselves on the green low-lying pastures, and on the higher slopes men and women were piling and carting the hay.

Entering the house, the Gaffer found himself at once in a large living-room or parlour. The chairs and table were of common deal, but in one corner was a great cabinet of black oak, and close to it, facing the fireplace, a large arm-chair. The low windows were curtained with chintz, black and decayed from long use, and diffusing the musty odour of age. An eight-day clock, several coarse engravings in wooden frames, an old and rusty "Joe Manton" fowling piece suspended over the mantelpiece, a few china ornaments, completed the furniture of the apartment. There was no carpet on the floor, but a sheepskin rug was thrown down before the fireplace.

Still muttering to himself, the old man hobbled to the

cabinet, unlocked it with a key which he took from his waistcoat pocket, and took out a packet of parchment deeds; then, drawing the deal table close to his arm-chair, sat down, and, adjusting on his nose a pair of horn spectacles, began to examine the documents at leisure. As he did so, his characteristically malevolent expression deepened in intensity. Singularly enough, however, he could not understand a line; for though he could just manage to spell through a printed paragraph, he lacked the education to interpret handwriting.

This fact did not interfere in the least with his enjoyment. He knew the documents perfectly, particularly the one setting forth his mortgage on the estate of Catherine Thorpe. The very words of the covenant were so engraven on his mind that the farce of perusal was far from being as absurd as it might seem.

He was thus engaged, and presenting to the uninstructed observer quite an erudite appearance, when a shadow appeared upon the threshold, and, looking up, he met the quiet eyes of Geoffrey the overseer.

"Busy, Gaffer?" said Geoffrey, with a nod. "I hope I'm not disturbing your studies?"

"What brings 'ee hereaways?" snarled the Gaffer.

"I've come from Miss Catherine, and I've brought you that money—so make out a receipt at once, and we'll put an end to the matter."

"What?" cried the old man, amazed. His amazement grew as Geoffrey produced the notes fresh from the bank, and placed them on the table before him. Seizing them between his trembling fingers, and glancing from them to the bringer, and from the bringer back to them, the Gaffer counted them slowly. A delicious thrill caught from the crisp and rustling paper ran through his veins.

"Well, are they all right?" asked Geoffrey, good-humouredly.

Without replying, the Gaffer leant back in his chair, as if stupefied. There was a long pause.

"Say, you," queried the Gaffer at last, "where did Catherine get the money?"

"That's her business, not yours. Your business is to write me out a full discharge."

"I'll see lawyer, and send it along," was the reply. "Reckon she can trust me?"

Since the notes were numbered, and, with all his faults, Gaffer Kingsley was straight enough in affairs of money, Geoffrey was quite satisfied, and had turned to go with a short "Good-day," when he was called back.

"If it be a convenience to Catherine," said the old man, slyly, "happen I might wait a bit."

"No need of that," answered Geoffrey, "she's able to settle up without seeking favours of you or any man."

The Gaffer laughed, and leaning forward suddenly, with his eyes fixed on the Overseer's face, said—

"Wager it's not her money, but yours! Cock o' the walk, you! and you come here to pay her debts, eh?"

Geoffrey went red as crimson, but before he could reply the other continued—

"New notes, master, fresh from the bank, and I saw you riding thereaway this morning. Happen there's no law to make me take the money from you? But I'll take it, friendly like, to save trouble. See?"

An angry answer was on the tip of Geoffrey's tongue, when the door opened, and, to the astonishment of both, Catherine herself appeared, accompanied by George Kingsley. She still wore her sun-hat and cotton gown, as if fresh from the hay-fields, and looked bright and merry. On seeing Geoffrey she paused and cried—

"Heyday, Geoffrey! What are you doing here at The Warren?"

Then, her eye falling on the notes lying on the table before the Gaffer, she continued—

"Bank-notes, too! Is the Gaffer belying his character and making you a harvest present?"

The Overseer hung his head and seemed tongue-tied, but he was saved any effort at explanation by the old man, who exclaimed—

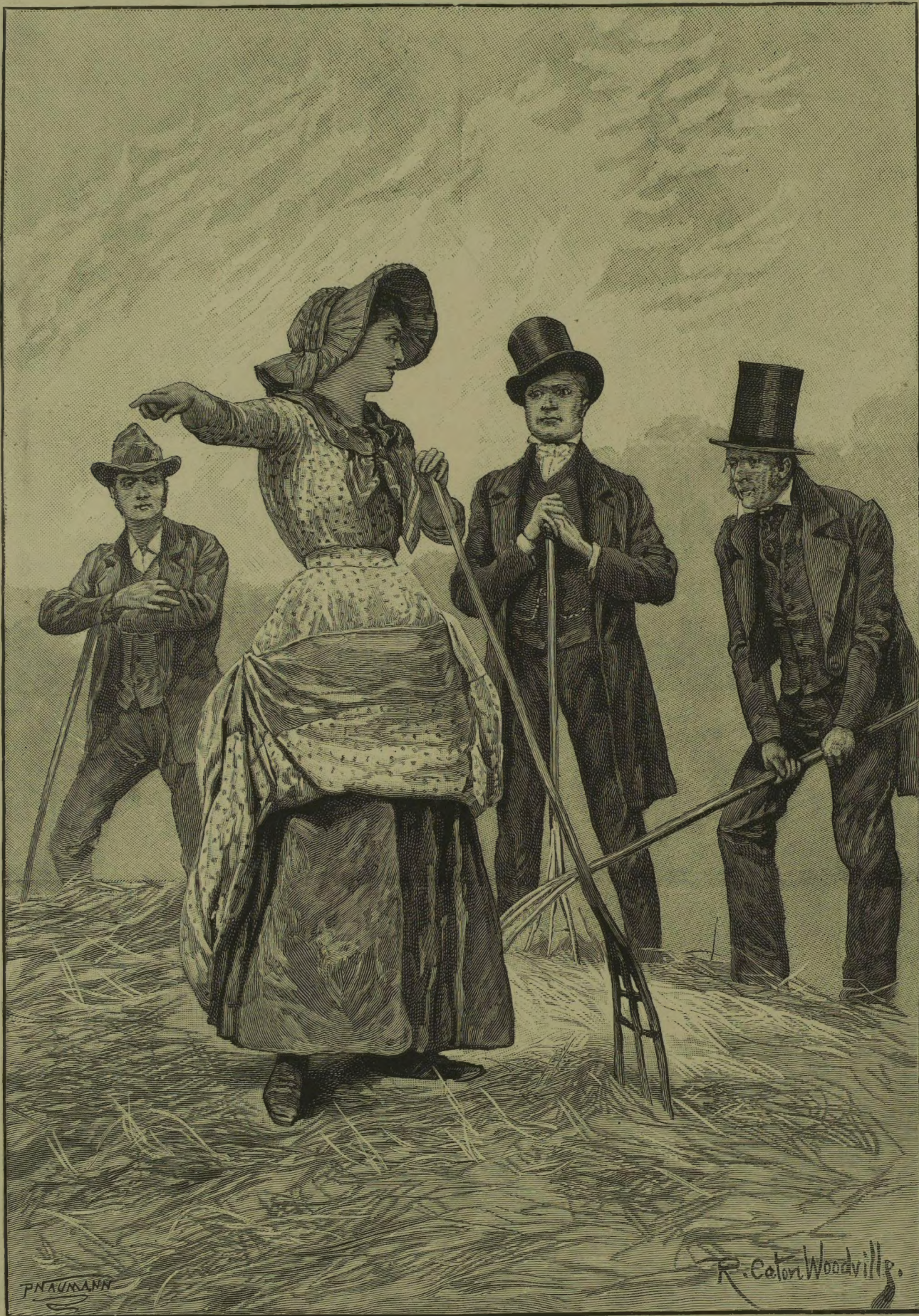
"'Tis the mortgage money, Missie. Master Geoffrey brought it over, and happen you sent him! I was just sayin'

that if so be 'twould help 'ee I might wait a bit; but Geoffrey (cock o' the walk, him!) was sayin' as you'd take favours from no man—not even an old friend like me!"

Thoroughly amazed, Catherine looked at Geoffrey, as if demanding an explanation; then, as their eyes met, all the truth dawned upon her, and she realised the extent of the sacrifice the man was making. Touched to the heart, she reached out her hand impulsively, while Geoffrey, grasping it, murmured in a low voice—

"I knew you were hard pushed, Miss Catherine, and I made bold to loan you the money till better days."

"Nay, nay!" cried Catherine, "you must take it back. I can pay my own debts; and," she added, seeing his face sadden, "don't think, Geoffrey, that I'm not glad and grateful for what you've done. I shall never forget it, never! But I want help from no man, not even from you; and I came over to say as much to the Gaffer, and to pay him with my own hands."



"That's the way! Right up the field and back again."

Here George, who had been lingering in the background, stepped forward and said—

"It's all right, Geoffrey! Catherine's a rich woman now!" The Gaffer started and sat bolt upright in his chair; Geoffrey gazed in stupefaction at his mistress, who broke out into sunny laughter.

"Cast your bread upon the waters," says the proverb," she said. "Farmer Adams has left me all he had in the world; and why? Just because I went over to him now and then when he was sick, and made him a posset of elder wine."

The Gaffer rose trembling to his feet, and gasped for breath.

"Old Adams!" he cried. "Why, he was worth 'tween ten and fifteen thousand pound!"

"Whatever he was worth," said Catherine, smiling, "he has left to your humble servant! So you see, Gaffer, I'm not going to be sold up this time."

"Nay, nay, Miss Catherine," returned the old man, his eyes full of sympathy and admiration, "you know that was only my fun—Jarge, Jarge, what are you standing and gaping at? Can't you offer Miss Catherine a chair?"

CHAPTER VI.

SUITORS THREE.

Say, Shepherds, what d'ye seek? The red rose or the yellow?
The red blush-rose o' Love?—or the rose of shining gold?
A maiden in her smock may tempt some silly fellow,
But yellow-boys and guinea-blooms are brighter twenty-fold!—
The Shepherd's Wooing.

It was by no means all work and no play with Catherine Thorpe. It had never been so. Even in her worst days, when she had been compelled to look regretfully at every shilling before she spent it, she had always been willing to spend a certain amount on simple pleasures for the gratification of those who worked for her, and especially for the gratification of Bridget.

"Passel of vules," the Gaffer used to say when he received an invitation to go and partake of some homely feast or supper at the farm. "But there, 'tis like wimmen folk, they be all a passel o' fools!"

Still, he invariably went, and ate the food that had been prepared, even while he scorned the liberality which provided it.

And now, with one fickle turn of Fortune's wheel, all was changed. Catherine was an heiress, and an heiress can do no wrong; so when, as an earnest of what she meant to do with her money, Catherine announced that there would be no frugal supper this year, but a right royal one, and that to the supper would be added a dance to which nearly all the countryside would be bidden, no one, not even the Gaffer, had a word to say. These festivities, however, were not to interfere with the work; they were to come as a reward for labour, not as a means of stimulating activity. The grass was all mown, but there was the hay to be made, and not till it was all tossed, carted, and stacked would Catherine give one thought to gaiety.

She and Bridget had breakfasted alone. The moment the meal was over Catherine put on her sun-hat and took her hayfork in her hand.

"Why, where are you going, Catherine?" asked Bridget, in surprise.

"Up to the hay-fields, little one," answered Catherine, smiling, "to see if the haymakers are working, and to lend a hand, too, maybe. To-day the sun is shining; it may rain to-morrow, and then our crop would be damaged."

"What would that matter to us?" said Bridget, pointing. "You are an heiress now, Catherine!"

"An heiress!" returned Catherine, dreamily. "Yes, but that doesn't mean that I'm a drone. The farm's a beehive still, and I'm the queen-bee."

Bridget looked at her and laughed.

"How do you feel now that you have so much money?"

"Much the same as I did before," answered Catherine. "No, I don't, though—I feel glad that I can pay my debts, glad that I can make a lady of you, Bridget."

Bridget rose, and put her arms about her sister's neck.

"For me, for me, always for me," she said. "Tell me, Catherine, why are you always thinking of me?"

"Because I love you, little one!" The words were simple, they were simply spoken, but they meant so much. When folk wondered why Catherine Thorpe kept such a brave heart through all her troubles, why she toiled from morning till night like any slave, they little knew that the only thing that was her solace, the only bright spot in this dreary, humdrum waste of life, was her love for her "little sister."

"You'll follow me, won't you?" said Catherine, as she moved towards the door. "It will do you good to have a toss at the hay; there's plenty of sunshine and fun up at the five-acre."

Bridget nodded; and Catherine, looking more like a farm-servant than an owner of golden thousands, went up to the work in the field.

The haymakers had been busy since early dawn, and when she arrived on the scene they were still working with a will. Passing through the field and cheering the labourers with nods and kind words, she hurried towards a shady spot near to the

gate, looking on every hand for Geoffrey, whom she had not seen that morning. Instead of finding him, however, she came upon a group the sight of which amused her not a little.

There, gathered together under the spreading branches of an oak-tree, dressed up in their holiday best, and all looking extremely foolish, were Mr. Marsh, the Doctor, and last, but not least, the Gaffer! The latter wore, in addition to a tail coat and trousers of the last generation, an extremely high-collared and somewhat ragged white shirt, and a tall chimney-pot hat. Mr. Marsh carried a large posy of freshly cut flowers.

"Heyday," cried Catherine, as she came upon the group, "here's fine company!"

At the sound of her voice they all started, turned towards her, and simultaneously took off their hats.

"Good morning, Miss Catherine," they cried, each and all giving her a most respectful bow.

Catherine laughed outright.

"Have you been to a wedding," she cried, "that you are dressed so gaily?"

"No," replied the Doctor, smiling and answering for all; "but we hope to go to one some day!"

"Some day!" they all repeated, smiling; and then they sighed.

Catherine stared at them in amazement; then suddenly the truth seemed to dawn upon her.

"It can't be," she thought, "and yet it *must* be. Bridget's right. The men who despised the maid are running after the money."

"Miss Catherine," said Marsh, advancing and offering his flowers, "will you allow me?"

"For me, Mr. Marsh?"

The little man nodded.

"For you, Miss Catherine," he said, "a few simple flowers of the earth. I gathered them for you myself."

"Thank you, Mr. Marsh."

Catherine loved flowers; she took the posy and buried her face in it, and as she did so the Gaffer approached and whispered in her ear.

"I want a word with 'ee alone."

Catherine started, raised her head, and laughed aloud.

"What! *you* too, Gaffer!" she cried.

"And why not?" answered the Gaffer, sharply. "I'm better than a passel o' vules!"

"Anything more?" asked Catherine; upon which hint the Doctor stepped forward and spoke for all.

"What your friends want, Miss Catherine," he said, "is to know how they can help you, be useful to you?"

Catherine laughed merrily.

"Oh, that is it, is it?" she cried. "Of course you can all help me if you have the will. Here, Thomas, Silas!" she cried to the haymakers, "bestir yourselves, bring these gentlemen hayforks. They are all going to help us to-day."

"Hayforks!" cried the Doctor, aghast.

"Yes, hayforks!" returned Catherine, still with a merry twinkle in her eye. "You all wish to help me, you know, and your wishes shall be gratified. There's plenty of work for all of you, and fun into the bargain. You shall help to turn over the hay in this field, and afterwards you shall assist to load the wagon in the other. There," she continued, as the hayforks were brought to her, "there's one for you, Doctor, one for you, Mr. Marsh, and, Gaffer, the last one is for you! Oh, what a blessing you've all come! We were short-handed, and I was wondering however we were to get in the hay before we lost the sunshine."

They all took the forks. Having got them, they stood looking at Catherine and smiling awkwardly. Dutton turned his about in his hand, as if it were some curious kind of implement which he had never seen before.

"How do you work the thing?" he said. "So?"

"Yes, that's the way," answered Catherine, merrily. "Only don't throw the stuff over your head, as if you were having a hay-bath. Now, then," clapping her hands and laughing, "begin, all of you, and the best worker shall win the prize! That's the way," she continued, as they all began to work with a will. "Right up the field and back again!"

"Miss Catherine," said Dutton, edging towards her; but Catherine waved him back.

"No talking till work is over, Doctor," she said.

"Wait here," whispered the Gaffer, "I must speak to 'ee, Miss Catherine," at which they all cried—"Fair play! Fair play!"

They set to work with a will, while Catherine stood watching them with an amused smile. Suddenly she heard a sound behind her, and, turning, she found herself standing face to face with Geoffrey Doone.

In a moment her face changed and became serious.

"Ah, Geoffrey," she cried. "I was wondering where you were!"

"I had to ride over to town about that new machine."

"You look tired."

"Well, it was a long ride."

"I'm going to scold you," said Catherine. "You're the only one in all the place who hasn't congratulated me!"

The man looked at her; then he cast down his eyes.

"I'm very, very glad," he said.

"I am *sure* you are."

She held out her hand to him, but, as he did not take it, she let it drop again by her side.

"You see, Miss Catherine"—he began, but she quickly interrupted him.

"Miss Catherine!" she cried; "I won't talk to you if you speak like that! I'm Catherine to you, Geoffrey, now and always."

Suddenly she caught sight of the amateur haymakers and burst into a merry laugh.

"Just look at them, Geoffrey!" she cried; "there they go puffing and perspiring!"

"What are they doing?"

"Doing? Why, making *donkeys* of themselves! Ah, dear, what changes a bit of money brings!"

"It does, indeed!" said Geoffrey, with a sigh.

"Ah, but not with *you*," answered Catherine, quickly. "But isn't it strange? Up to yesterday, when I was poor, I'd scarcely had an offer, and now I do believe every one of those silly men is ready to swear he has always loved me."

"Not the Gaffer, surely?" returned Geoffrey, smiling.

"Yes, even the Gaffer," she answered, laughing; "unless—"

She paused suddenly and turned away her head, but not before Geoffrey had noted the sudden pallor and then the sudden blush. For a moment there was silence, then the man spoke again.

"Is George Kingsley over here to-day?" he asked quietly.

She turned quickly and gave one swift glance at his face.

"No!" she answered; "what made you think of *him*?"

"I don't know."

He walked a little bit away from her, switching at the hedge with his riding-whip. Then he returned, and found her still gazing thoughtfully at the ground.

"Catherine," he said.

"Yes, Geoffrey."

"I'm sorry you did not let me help you yesterday, I'm almost sorry that you didn't *need* my help. Now you are rich I can do nothing for you, and I wanted to do so much."

"And so you can," said Catherine, frankly.

"How?"

She laughed lightly, but, as it seemed to him, a little forcedly.

"Well, first and foremost, you can advise me which of those silly men shall I choose, if he asks me?"

"You ought to know best."

"Should I? Well! first, there's Mr. Dutton. He's worth considering surely, a fine doctor and an old soldier—but—I won't be doctored! Am I right?"

"Quite right!"

"Then comes little Mr. Marsh. He's a gay man is Marsh" (here she mimicked his piping voice), "but I think I'll leave him to somebody more deserving."

"You've left out the Gaffer!"

"The Gaffer? Oh, *he* isn't serious, and he's had three wives already!"

She turned towards Geoffrey; he was regarding her with a thoughtful, troubled look; twice he seemed about to speak, but he remained dumb.

"What are you thinking about, Geoffrey?" she asked.

"I was wondering if there is anyone else you care for—anyone you *love*."

"For a husband, do you mean?"

"Yes, for a husband!"

She shrugged her shoulders.

"If ever I *did* marry, and it isn't likely, it would be someone who cared for me, not for my money."

"Yes, yes!" he cried, bending eagerly towards her.

"But there's no hurry," she continued, with an awkward laugh. "I've Bridget to settle first, you know. She's so pretty, she ought to make a good match some day, when she's older; but of course she's only a child now, she doesn't know what love is."

Very quietly he took her hand in his.

"Do *you*, Catherine?" he asked earnestly.

Catherine blushed vividly and turned her head away.

"I?" she said. "Well, I don't know. You see, I'm not one of your pretty ones, and I've had too much to think of."

"Will you promise me one thing, Catherine?"

"Of course I will! What is it?"

"It is this! I want you to promise me that if ever someone you could care for comes to you and asks you to be his wife you will speak to me, you will let me be the first to know!"

She looked up into his eyes frankly and openly.

"As if I should not do so!" she said. "Why, Geoffrey, that is just what I should do. There's no one I can trust like you, for haven't you been a brother to me all my life!"

He dropped her hand and turned from her.

"Ah, yes, of course, I ought to have known," he said. "Well, I think I must be going now, Catherine. Good-bye!"

"Good-bye, Geoffrey. Don't forget the dance to-night!"

"No, no, I'll not forget. I shall be there."

He turned and left her, took his horse which he had left tied to the gate, and rode off to see what the haymakers were about. Leaning on the gate, Catherine watched him go, but though her eyes were fixed upon him she hardly seemed to see him. She was dreaming, and Geoffrey Doone was not one of the figures in her dream.

"Is there no one I care for?" she murmured to herself, "no one I love! Ah, I couldn't answer that, even to *him*. Folks mustn't know yet for fear I'm mistaken, and I may be, who knows? I wonder why he keeps away so long. Has my good luck made him afraid? Oh, if he would only come now and look at me as he did when he said I was his best friend, and ask me—ask me—oh, dear, how foolish I am! Perhaps he doesn't love me after all! If I thought that, I think I should hate all the world. . . . George, dear George!"

The sound of puffing and blowing made her start. Turning, she saw the Doctor approaching, hayfork in hand. He was red as a pony, and the beads of perspiration were running down his cheeks.

"Miss Catherine!"

"Well, Mr. Dutton!"

"I've been a soldier, and I'm a gentleman by birth."

"I hate soldiers, and I'm afraid of gentlemen."

"But you don't know what I was going to say!"

"I can make a shrewd guess. But what *I* say is this, Go on with your haymaking, and then you can talk to me. And Mr. Marsh," she added, catching a glimpse of the little man in the background, "you do the same, or I'll never, never speak to you again. You've got to work on to the end of the field, remember, all of you. There! begin, begin, or you'll find the sun sinking before you've half done."

Still puffing and perspiring, they moved off to do as they were bidden, and as they did so the Gaffer came forward, groaning and holding his side.

"Ah, Gaffer!" said Catherine, merrily, "I'm afraid you're out of breath!"

"Let be! let be! I'll be all right directly. We was allus good friends, wasn't we, Catherine?"

"Yes," returned Catherine, dryly, "especially when you wanted to sell up the farm."

"Only my fun! I was allus fond of 'ee, Catherine! and you see, Missie, our lands jine together, and it would be downright sinful to keep them apart, wouldn't it now? I be an old man, but I be tough and well seasoned, and I've heaps of brass. But maybe you wouldn't look at an old chap like me?"

Catherine pursed her lips and gravely shook her head.

"No, I don't think so. It says in the Bible one mustn't marry one's grandfather."

"Well, well, I was only jokin' like. I don't want 'ee, but there's someone else as does. Whisper, for them fools are maybe listening. What would 'ee say to my son Jarge?"

As he spoke he glanced keenly at her, noted the sudden pallor of her cheeks, then the sudden blush, and he laughed softly to himself.

"George," said Catherine, with a sort of gasp. "George, did you say?"

"Ay, Jarge. I meant him for thee all along, and I know he allus favoured 'ee, Catherine. He's a fine young lad and he loves 'ee dearly!"

"He loves me? Are you sure? Did he—did he—ask you to tell me that?"

For a moment the Gaffer seemed to hesitate; then he said boldly: "Why, of course, or how could I ha' thought of it? You see he be bashful; he's afraid that now you be a rich young woman!"

"Yes, yes, I understand!" she murmured to herself. "Say you'll ha' him and the thing's done. I know you like him, don't 'ee now? Come!"

Catherine cast down her eyes.

"I—I don't hate him," she said; "and if he loves me as you say—"

"Loves 'ee! 'Father,' he's said to me a dozen times, 'I can't live without Catherine.' But what be the matter? You be crying?"

"No, no," answered Catherine, quickly. "Tell George if he really likes me so much; tell him—tell him—ah, I can't speak, but *you* know!"

"You'll marry him?" asked the Gaffer, eagerly.

"Yes, I'll marry him!" she said, as if dazed and stupefied.

"Well then, 'tis settled. Come into my arms and gi'e me a kiss to make it a bargain."

He put his arm around her shoulders and she yielded to his embrace. As she did so there was a cry; it came from the panting pair of suitors who had quietly returned and were looking on.

"Here, come, what's this?" they cried, "you don't mean to say—"

"I mean to say," answered the Gaffer, smiling maliciously, "that she's chosen the best man, that's all!"

"Chosen *you*—Miss Catherine?" cried Dutton and Marsh in a breath.

"There, there, keep back both of you and don't look so astonished!" cried Catherine, entering into the humour of the situation. "Yes, the Gaffer is right! I've chosen, and if you doubt it, look there! and there!"

So saying she placed both her hands on the Gaffer's shoulders and, very much to his amazement, kissed him roundly on both cheeks. Then she seized her fork and ran off, and was soon hard at work helping the haymakers.

(To be continued.)

INTERVIEW WITH MR. PERCIVAL SPENCER IN HIS BALLOON.

A few afternoons ago I went, about 2.30, to the Naval Exhibition to have a chat with the aeronaut Mr. Percival Spencer. The "City of London," of 50,000 cubic feet dimensions, was nearly full of gas. About a dozen men were struggling with the inflated monster, and everything pointed to an almost immediate start.

"I will tell you all I know about ballooning with the greatest pleasure, but you must excuse me just now," said Mr. Spencer, after cordially greeting me. "Why not take a trip with us, and up aloft you shall ask me what you like," added the active little aeronaut, who, in a quiet, business-like

fashion, was directing the men to cast off the weighting-down sand-bags, and a few minutes afterwards had sprung on to the car, and so into the ring of the rigging of his air-ship. An initial ascent of a few feet to try the lifting power of the balloon preceded the order "All hands off!" and then Mr. Spencer pulled the trigger of the earth-line, and we were free.

"With this strong breeze it will be something like a sail to-day," said Mr. Spencer cheerily, as he descended from the rigging into the car. "It is not a day for nursemaids and babies." With his map in his hand, ruled with circles of four-miles radii, which approximately tells the aeronaut the distance traversed, Mr. Spencer settled down for a chat as composedly as beside his own fireside. And on my remarking on the fact, he replied, "And why not? You are far safer here than you were in the London streets or you would be even at sea."

"Oh, yes! I have been up in balloons ever since I was eight, when my father and Thomas Wright took me up," said Mr. Spencer, in reply to my questions. "My grandfather, Edward Spencer, was the balloon-mate of Charles Green, the pioneer of coal-gas ballooning, so you see we have been for several generations a family of aeronauts."

"I suppose I may say without boasting that, considering that I am only twenty-six, nearly six hundred ascents is very fair work. Then I have made nearly sixty parachute descents," remarked the aeronaut, as he glanced aloft as would a sailor, with a peep below to note our advance.

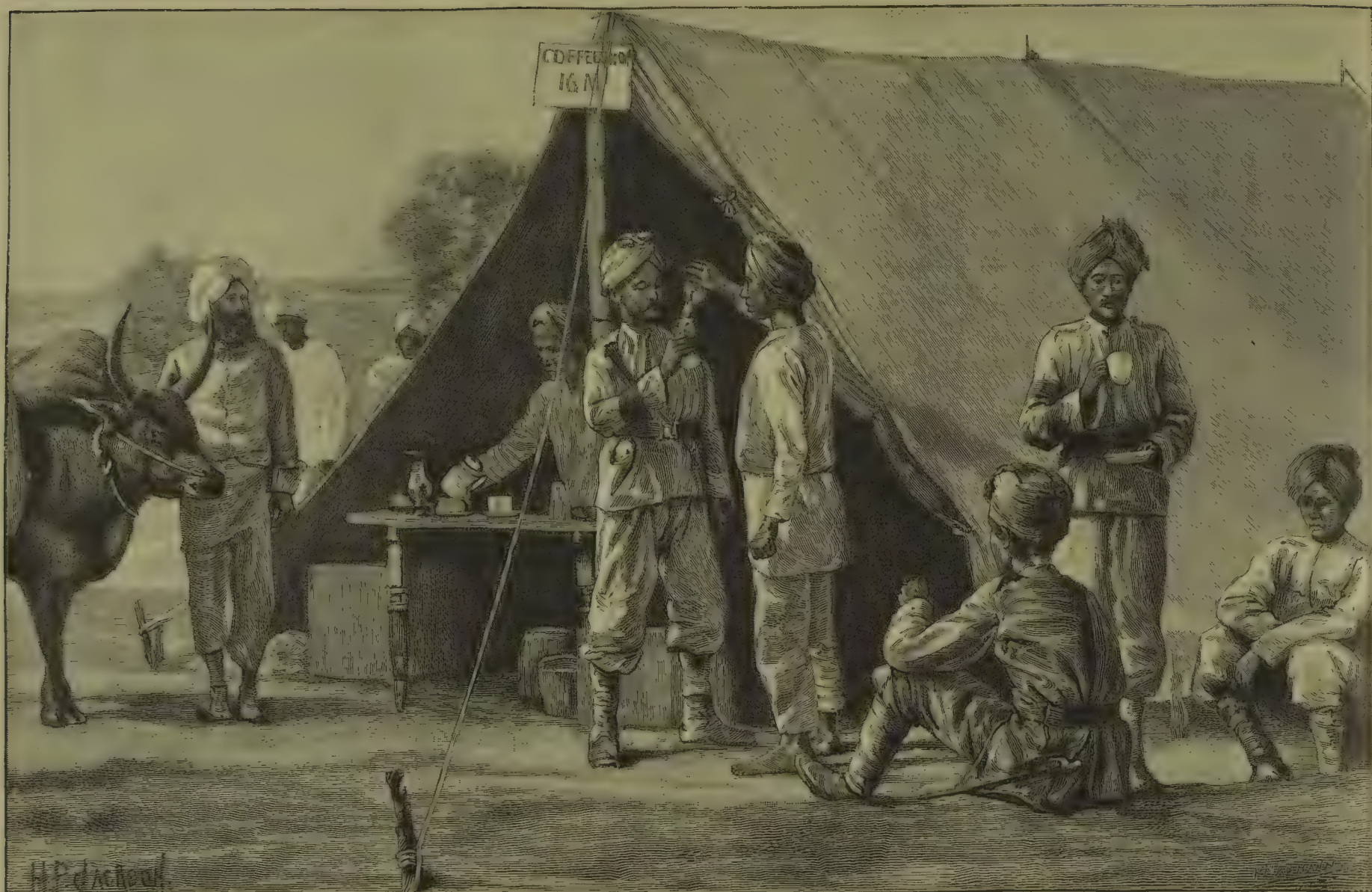
"Didn't you know that I was a parachutist? Well, it came about in this way. You remember Baldwin's Alexandra Park descents. Much as I admire Baldwin's pluck, I, as a professional aeronaut, did not think proper to enter the lists against an amateur, and so it was that I went to India to 'parachute,' where I was the first to 'astonish the natives' in these particular aerial exploits. I took a 'fleet' of four balloons to India, and some of the more memorable ascents were with a fire-balloon in Ceylon, with a hydrogen-balloon at Bombay, and with a coal-gas one at Calcutta, when no less than 250,000 persons—British and native—witnessed the floating of the 'Empress of India' over that city, and while I was there a good deal of anxiety was felt by my disappearing into the jungle country and not being heard of for three days. I also made an ascent from the Government House in Madras, when Lord Wenlock was entertaining the Czarevitch, and at Hyderabad the Nizam also appeared greatly interested in my parachute descents."

"After I left India I visited the Straits Settlements, China, Java, Sumatra, and Japan, returning to England, via India and Egypt, in May of this year. The Chinese, with their imitative talent, inundated their country with miniature paper parachutes on my visit, which became the popular toy. I made some particularly satisfactory ascents before the Mikado from the palace at Tokio; and I could show you at home some of the characteristically quaint bank-note cases—alas! now empty—which were evidence of his delight."

We had now entered into a sea of cloud, and the earth was invisible. Mr. Spencer occasionally glanced at the barometer to ascertain our altitude. In reply to a question as to travelling by night or in a fog, he explained that he could always tell when he was very near the earth by the vibrations of the trail-rope, caused by its coming in contact with the ground or with trees.

Presently we emerged from the mist, and ascertained that we were over the picturesque village of Pinner, having nearly followed the railway line from Willesden Lane, past Neasden and Harrow. Mr. Spencer suggested our continuing on to Rickmansworth, and proposed to land us soon afterwards. We had been travelling at about 8000 ft. altitude, and now the valve was slightly opened, and we approached nearer the earth. But the earth did not seem to come up to us, as I had previously been taught that it would: objects only got larger and more distinct in appearance. The earth looked perfectly flat, and not concave, while the horizon was always on the same level at whatever altitude we happened to be. Presently we saw the people running along the roads, in order to be present at our descent. The aeronaut coolly unhooked the grapnel and lowered it, and, with a bump or two, and the ready assistance of a party of golfers, our ship was skilfully "brought up," finishing one of the most enjoyable trips in the air.—L.

MR. PERCIVAL SPENCER.



COFFEE-SHOP. FOR THE 16TH MADRAS INFANTRY.



"TIRED AND THIRSTY."

AN INDIAN ARMY CAMP OF EXERCISE IN THE MADRAS PRESIDENCY.



AN INDIAN ARMY CAMP OF EXERCISE IN THE MADRAS PRESIDENCY: THE ELEPHANT BATTERY.

LITERATURE.

DELICATE DINING.

"You have no stomach, Signior?" says the lively Beatrice when she invites the love-sick Benedick to dinner. I was not precisely love-sick when Mr. Theodore Child's "Delicate Dining" (Osgood, McIlvaine, and Co.) came into my hands. But there were certain conditions which made a Barmecide feast wholesome, if not desirable; and so I lunched magnificently off this cookery-book, with an appetite stimulated by recollections of a repast in Paris many years ago in a little restaurant where Mr. Child himself was host, and where we sat in a little room with a mirror covered with inscriptions—mostly pious congratulations over excellent entertainment, I have no doubt! It was well that I did not know then what I have gathered from this volume—that "Theoc" is a regular Zeus of the *cuisine*, who launches blessings or thunderbolts at the cooks or diners who please or displease him. Probably he stayed his hand on that occasion out of consideration for my youth and inexperience, and also for the circumstance that I was from England and could not be expected to know better. The dinner, I still remember, was extremely good; but how I must have tried the hospitable "Theoc" with my barbarous preferences and distastes! For a long while after, I was haunted by remorse because this hospitality had not been returned; and yet that very night he may have conceived the grim pleasantry which I read with mingled feelings on page 200: "In nine cases out of ten the blackest ingratitude of which you could be capable would be to invite your Amphitryon, and inflict upon him a return dinner." From the unpardonable sin of that ingratitude, at any rate, I have a blessed freedom.

I wonder whether the patriotic Briton will get into a great rage over Mr. Child's undisguised contempt for British cookery. I should like to collect in St. James's Hall all the people who have at various times expressed to me their disgust with Continental "kickshaws" and their idolatry of English dishes, and read to them pungent passages from this book. When Mr. Child hears the British waiter behind his chair asking, "Thick or clear, Sir?" he is appalled by "the grossness of the distinction." He wants to tell this waiter that he desires "a ladleful of soup" which shall be "a poem, a dream," not a whole plateful of slops or "heavy messes, charged with catsup and spices and salt and pepper." For turtle—think of it, ye aldermen!—this critic has a downright loathing. Will the Lord Mayor invite me to the next Corporation junketing, that I may favour the company after dinner with recitations, beginning with Lewis Carroll—whom I now suspect of sly satire in—

Soup of the evening.
Beautiful soup—

and ending with Mr. Child's impeachment of turtle and ox-tail? I should like to give them, too, the ballad of the traveller who, rushing for his train, forgetful of the shilling for his soup, jumps by mistake into a cattle-van and informs an ox without a tail that he has just seen that appendage in a soup-basin—

I wondered then, and I'm wondering still,
And the thought will always grind me;
If he got back his tail and paid the bill,
For the soup I left behind me.

Possibly they would stand this, but if I were allowed to recite Mr. Child's definition of "sentiment" in relation to soups without being knocked on the head with a loving-cup, it would be a marvel.

Even our green peas are assailed by this enemy of our institutions. He says we eat them "when they have grown hard as shot." I have certainly been asked to eat peas which deserved renown in catapults, and also peas which seemed to have grown in bottles; but to tell me that *petits pois à la Française* are to give themselves airs of superiority to the English peas in the rare bloom of their verdant adolescence, fresh from the gardens of England, and from the rosy fingers of her daughters—well, this burst of eloquence is intended to show that if Mr. Child can get sentimental over his soups, some of us can write about peas till all is green. Then our tea is defamed, too. As known in these islands, tea is "a rank decoction." Moreover, it is ruined by milk. Only in one or two private houses in London could "Theoc" when he made a painful pilgrimage amongst us (probably with hard peas in his shoes, like Henry II. after the murder of Becket) get a decent cup of coffee. Even the English table-service offends him to the soul. "You sit down," he says, "with the contents of a whole cutlery-shop before you, and in the centre rises a majestic but not immaculate monument, containing specimens of all the condiments that Crosse and Blackwell ever invented. It is an awful spectacle!" So I should think, if, as Mr. Child says, we really encumber a table with sardine-boxes, butter-coolers, biscuit-boxes, claret-jugs, sauce-boxes, and "a score of other queer inventions" all at once. Is it possible that on that eventful evening in the Paris restaurant I audibly yearned for a butter-cooler and thirsted for Harvey's sauce? Did I grow sad and *distrain* because there was no pickle-fork? But now comes the grand anathema! "The true *gourmet*," says Mr. Child, "avoids breakfast-parties, lunches, high teas, picnics, and other analogous solecisms." This comprehensive taboo covers everything which is dear to the healthy islander. It is not an analysis of our weaknesses; it is a bombardment of our virtues. Nothing would persuade "Theoc" to spend a day on the Thames, and eat his lunch out of a basket in the boat, cooling the Bass in a small cave made by the roots of a tree, just below the surface of the water, plashing lazily against the bank. That is a joy to many of us; to "Theoc" it is the antic of a Troglydite.

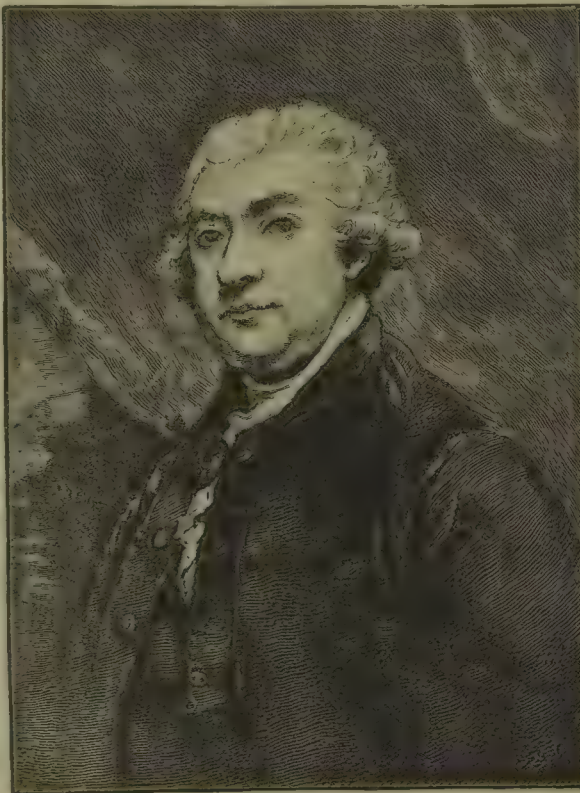
When Hamlet said "I know a hawk from a barnshaw," he ought to have said that he knew a herring from a mackerel. This distinction, according to Guy de Maupassant, quoted with approval by Mr. Child, is as important if a man is to have any reputation for taste as the distinction between Balzac and Eugène Sue. This is comforting to me, for the condition does not seem very difficult to satisfy. But Mr. Child is more exacting than Guy de Maupassant. If you have a crawfish, you must crack his claws with your teeth; but don't use a gold or silver toothpick, because that is "snobbish." Take salt with the point of your knife; but Mr. Child implores you in italics not to take it with the handle of your fork or spoon. The man who does this, and who also uses ready-made salad-dressing, may consider himself temporally lost. There is no more hope for him than for the man who eats to live. To eat is the practice of the illiterate; to dine delicately is the highest achievement of culture. These are hard sayings, and to follow Mr. Child is a toilsome, not to say expensive, discipline. But I sustain myself in trying moments with one glorious quotation. "My experience," says "Theoc," "has demonstrated, generally speaking, that the people who have invited me to dine with them would have done better to have themselves invited to dine with me." These are noble words. A personal application, my good "Theoc," as soon as you please!

L. F. A.

THE LIFE OF JAMES BOSWELL.

He must be a bold man who undertakes to write the biography of the greatest among biographers*, of one whose work is no less classical in its kind than are in theirs the works of Shakspeare or of Pope, and of one whose character was so unaccountable that endless paradoxes have been bred of its discussion. A living writer may have many talents and all the virtues, yet we demand to have the strongest confidence in his powers before we can recommend him to meddle with Boswell. For to an exact and a thorough knowledge of the last century, its literature, its society, its politics, the critic or biographer of Boswell must add a delicate taste, a balanced judgment, a clear insight—rare enough in themselves, but rarer still in conjunction with historical and antiquarian abilities. That Mr. Fitzgerald is such a man, our knowledge of his previous work does not warrant us in believing. We are inclined to say of him that there are few living writers better fitted than he to write pleasant magazine articles in the modern manner, somewhat loose in style, somewhat careless in facts, and welcome to the casual and tolerant reader. But that is not the way of writing books: the toils and arduous of composition, the anxious care for accuracy, the difficult struggle after perfection of all kinds, are demanded of all who undertake, not to put facts and reflections together, but really to compose a book, a work of literary art.

"The Johnsonian school," said Sir Joshua Reynolds, "was distinguished for a love of truth and accuracy"; and, judged by the standard of Johnson and of Boswell, Mr. Fitzgerald must be pronounced wanting. The carelessness of the two volumes is little short of marvellous: it seems as though Mr. Fitzgerald had not even corrected his proofs with ordinary care. It is sometimes hard to say whether certain errors are Boswell's own or faults of transcription upon the part of his various readers and editors; but the following mistakes are unpardonable. "Ranalagh" for "Ranelagh"; "vale at me ame" for "vale et me ama"; "ma'ma" for "ma'am"; "Boeviad" for "Baviad." It is difficult not to see faults of transcription in such passages as these—"To men of philosophical minds there are surely moments in which they set aside their nation: John Wilkes, the Whig world despises this sentiment; John Wilkes, the gay profligate, would laugh at it; but John Wilkes, the philosopher, will feel it, and will love it." No doubt, we should read "John Wilkes, the Whig,



JAMES BOSWELL.

FROM A PAINTING BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

would despise." In the occasional verses sent to Wilkes by Boswell there occur such evident faults of rhyme and reason that again we mistrust the accuracy of Mr. Fitzgerald. There "Whig" and "times" are found to be the respective endings of two lines, where "rhymes" clearly should be read for "Whig." In like manner for "propose" and "share" read "prepare"; for "school" and "school" read "school" and "rule." In each case, reason no less than rhyme requires the change, and we are forced to question Mr. Fitzgerald's reading. Titus, we all know, was called "delicia humani generis"; we refuse to believe that Boswell really wrote of the Duke of Portland, "Titus, that delicate humane genus." It is easier to believe that it is an error of the press, if it occurs in Boswell's own pamphlet, and one that Mr. Fitzgerald should have pointed out. Mr. Fitzgerald cannot even quote Boswell's own words in the Life correctly: thus he gives us the following, in place of Boswell's correct Latin and careful words: "A circumstance not less strange than true, that a brother advocate in considerable practice, but of whom it certainly cannot be said 'ingenuas fideliter didicit fideliter artes,' asked Mr. MacLaurin," &c. In the same way, quoting the Piozzi Letters, Mr. Fitzgerald makes Dr. Johnson write bad grammar, and although Mr. Fitzgerald professes, by his use of inverted commas, to quote his authorities verbatim, there is hardly one passage quoted correctly, or without vexatious alterations, in the whole book. Even in his discourteous and silly attack upon Dr. Birkbeck Hill he offers that eminent scholar the superfluous insult of misquoting him. He represents Dr. Hill as writing "Ever in the sleepless hours of the night I almost forgot my miseries in the delightful pages of Horace Walpole, and, with pencil in hand, managed to get a few notes." We cannot here consider Mr. Fitzgerald's attack; but we venture to suggest that the wretched style of Mr. Fitzgerald is not substituted without loss for the fine English of Dr. Hill, who wrote: "In the sleepless hours of many a winter night I almost forgot my miseries in the delightful pages of Horace Walpole's Letters, and, with pencil in hand and some little hope still in heart, managed to get a few notes taken." The style of Mr. Fitzgerald is incredibly affected, slipshod, and unscholarly; the first rough sketch, the first imperfect outline of a good writer, is less full of hasty and inconsidered phrases than is this published work.

Viewing the book as a contribution to the history of Boswell, and as a serious addition to our knowledge of his

* *Life of James Boswell.* By Percy Fitzgerald. (Chatto and Windus.)

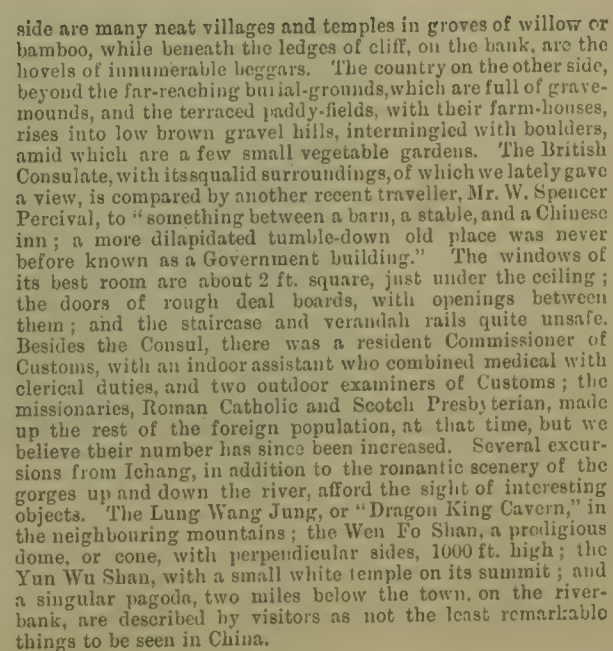
times, we find little to commend, except—and the exception is important—the publication of letters by Boswell hitherto unpublished. For these we are duly grateful—but for little else. These two great volumes are stuffed out with Mr. Fitzgerald's reflections, repetitions, commentaries—all quite unnecessary. For notes full of information the reader would be grateful; but Mr. Fitzgerald, despising the pedantry of learned research, tells us nothing on his own account worth telling. His favourite remark is a depreciation of Boswell's wit: in every chapter he tells us that "this is very poor," or "not very witty," and the like. The lovers of Lamb might quote his contemptuous reply to the similar criticisms of Dr. Nott upon Wither: "Why double-dull it with thy dull commentary? Have you nothing to cry out but 'very dull,' 'a little better,' 'this has some spirit,' 'this is prosaic'?—foh!" But Mr. Fitzgerald takes most credit to himself for his contribution to the "psychology" of Boswell: he has "opened up a rather piquant subject of inquiry for Boswellians." Judge of the reader's surprise when he finds Mr. Fitzgerald raising the most familiar platitudes upon questions long ago raised and discussed, in various ways, by Carlyle, Macaulay, Croker, Mr. Leslie Stephen, Dr. Hill, and every other writer who has ever written upon Boswell! Mr. Fitzgerald's great discovery is the very obvious fact that in the "Life of Johnson," Boswell reveals himself, by his way of asking questions, of introducing topics, of trying to justify his own tastes and habits. Has anyone yet read the Life without recognising that? But Mr. Fitzgerald does not succeed in making us understand Boswell better than before, since he merely repeats, with wearisome iteration, that he had certain views, he held certain views, he did certain things. All Mr. Fitzgerald's talk about the new method of interpreting Boswell's character is so much wind. It would have been a more pleasant duty, had our conscience constrained us, to praise Mr. Fitzgerald, and to thank him for a valuable addition to those few works in which we learn to know the last and most enchanting of centuries; but we find with regret that he has done little else than give us two badly written volumes, chiefly remarkable for their petulant and ineffectual attack upon one of the best editors and truest scholars now living—Dr. Birkbeck Hill.

RUSSIAN DOMESTIC LIFE.

A Summer in Kieff. By Isabel Morris. (Ward and Downey.)—The personal experiences of a single lady, travelling alone from London to the city of Kieff and visiting her married sister there, do not afford sufficient ground for judgment of the manners of the higher classes of the Russian nation. Miss Morris, staying in an English family, and not speaking the language of the country, is able only to testify that some Russian private houses in that neighbourhood, to which she was taken, were dull and comfortless; that some Russian guests at a dinner-table could not handle their knife and fork with approved delicacy; and that some ladies complain of the idleness and dishonesty of their household servants. Apart from the local acquaintance of her friends at Kieff, we have not generally found, either in the minute and graphic pictures of social and domestic life by Tolstoi and other Russian novelists, or in those presented by Mrs. Sutherland Edwards and other English writers formerly resident in Russia, evidence of a barbarous style of home living among persons of rank and good position. The authoress of this volume herself allows, what many of us can personally confirm, that "a travelled and cultivated Russian gentleman is a pleasant and valuable acquaintance." Indeed, there is so much kindness and cheerfulness in her tone of speaking with regard to the "moujiks" and peasantry or labouring classes, and such due tolerance, or abstinence from needless censure, in occasional references to religious and national institutions, that her book leaves, on the whole, an agreeable impression of the spirit in which it has been written. We regret, however, at the present crisis, her severe condemnation of the Jews. Her style is lively, unaffected, and familiar; there is plenty of entertaining anecdote, and much vivid description. Of abuses in the judicial and police administration, many instances are probably authentic. The illustrations, drawn by Mr. Cochrane Morris, are droll and clever sketches of the people and of some comical incidents of travel.

NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS—SELECTED.

- "Godiva Durlough," by Sarah Doudney. Three vols. (Sampson Low and Co.)
- "Life of Cervantes," by H. E. Watts. *Great Writers Series.* (Walter Scott.)
- "Early Scottish Poetry." First volume of the *Abbotsford Series of Scottish Poets.* Edited by George Eyre-Todd. (W. Hodge and Co., Glasgow.)
- "Olympus: Tales of the Gods of Greece and Rome," by Talfourd Ely. Based on the German of Dr. Hans Dütschke. (H. Grevel and Co.)
- "Fourteen to One," and Other Stories, by Elizabeth S. Phelps. (Cassell.)
- "La Trans-caucasie et la Péninsule d'Apchéron," by Calouste S. Gulbenkian. (Hachette.)
- "Dumaresq's Daughter," by Grant Allen. Three vols. (Chatto and Windus.)
- "Darkness and Dawn; or, Scenes in the Days of Nero." An historical tale. By Archdeacon Farrar. Two vols. (Longmans.)
- "History of Nottinghamshire," by Cornelius Brown. (Elliot Stock.)
- "European Relations: A Tirolese Sketch," by Talmage Dalin. *Pseudonym Library.* (F. Fisher Unwin.)
- "The Life of an Artist," by Jules Breton. Translated by Mary J. Serrano. (Sampson Low.)
- "The Warwickshire Avon." Notes by A. T. Quiller-Couch. Illustrations by Alfred Parsons. (James R. Osgood, McIlvaine, and Co.)
- "Studies in the Wagnerian Drama," by H. E. Krehbiel. (Osgood, McIlvaine, and Co.)
- "Misadventure," by W. E. Norris. (Griffith and Farran.)
- "The Dash for Khartoum: A Tale of the Nile Expedition," by G. A. Henty. (Blackie and Son.)
- "The Sportsman's Handbook to Practical Collecting and Preserving Trophies," by Rowland Ward. Sixth edition. (Simpkin and Marshall.)
- "Public Libraries." A History of the Movement, and a Manual for the Organisation and Management of Rate-Supported Libraries, by Thomas Greenwood. Fourth Edition. (Cassell and Co.)
- "Poultry-Keeping as an Industry for Farmers and Cottagers," by Edward Brown. (*Fanciers' Gazette Office, London.*)
- "The Women of the French Salons," by Amelia Gore Mason. (F. Fisher Unwin.)
- "The Pentateuch of Printing," by William Blades. With a memoir of the author by Talbot B. Reed. (Elliot Stock.)
- "Blanche Lady Falaise," by J. H. Shorthouse. (Macmillan.)
- "The Church in Germany," by S. Baring Gould. (Wells Gardner.)
- "Watts Phillips, Artist and Playwright," by E. Watts Phillips. (Cassell and Co.)
- "Twelve Months in Peru," by E. B. Clark. (F. Fisher Unwin.)





CANADIAN NORTH-WEST FARMING: REAPING THE HARVEST IN MANITOBA.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Two very interesting examples of the exhibition of that animal "instinct" which is often so hard to separate or distinguish from the higher "reason" have lately been reported in the scientific journals. One is a dog story, hailing from Putney, and related by a Mr. John Bell. He tells us that on his way to the train one morning he saw a brown retriever rushing along with a letter in his mouth. The dog went straight to a pillar-box in the wall. The postman had, however, just cleared the box, and was twenty or thirty yards away when the dog arrived. The "sagacious animal went after him," says Mr. Bell, "and had the letter transferred to the bag. He then walked home quietly." Will Mr. Bell be good enough to tell us something more about this dog? His history should certainly exhibit other traits worth study in the matter of canine sagacity, and the story of his being trained to act the part of a servant in posting letters may reveal much that will interest Sir John Lubbock and all other lovers of dogs, and especially of clever and intelligent canines. What one would like to know, further, is something about the dog's intent, or that of his owner, in this matter of posting the letter. Supposing the dog arrives at the post-box in the wall, how is the letter he carries to be posted? Does he depend on a chance passer-by to relieve him of the letter and transfer it to the box? Or is he only sent at times when the postman clears the receptacle? In the latter case, does the dog refuse to deliver the letter to anyone save the official? And how was he trained to perform this work? Information on these points will be welcomed by me; and possibly the retriever will be well known at Putney, and so my inquiry may, happily, reach the eye of his owner.

The second incident is an illustration of "forethought" in a wild duck. Mr. W. Prentiss, of Rainham, Kent, sends the account in question to the *Zoologist*. It seems that a mowing-machine was at work in a field of lucerne, near to a swamp. The machine mowed round the field, beginning at the circumference, and, of course, narrowing the circle in its operations. About two acres in the centre were left untouched. A shepherd saw a wild duck leave the undisturbed centre patch, carrying something in her bill. As the bird flew by him, she dropped an egg which had been in course of incubation. Returning apparently to her nest, another egg was seized, and carried over a marsh wall towards the saltings; while a third journey with an egg was also made in the same direction. Next day her nest was found in the patch of lucerne which had remained unmowed in the previous day's labours. Here, it seems evident from this "plain unvarnished tale" that the bird's maternal instinct became prescient of danger to her developing young, and that she exercised what appears to be a faculty strikingly akin to reason in attempting to remove her eggs out of reach of the threatening mower.

Cases like these, of animal intelligence, are, of course, not difficult to parallel, yet the subject is always fresh and interesting to every lover of nature. It is, however, not an easy topic to discuss, because of the somewhat confused condition into which our thoughts are apt to merge when metaphysical questions of instinct versus reason are broached. Personally, I find there are two opposing camps in this question; for some folks will not admit that animals can reason at all, while others as strenuously maintain that the power of drawing conclusions from premisses is one possessed by many animals in a more or less fairly developed fashion. Why anyone should object to credit the dog or the duck with the exhibition of an elementary reasoning faculty, I fail to see; more especially as we ourselves do many things every day reasonable enough in appearance, but which on examination are found to be as purely automatic in nature as the acts of any animal can be. The act of the dog in running after the postman, is, to my mind, very wonderful; because, unless he had been actually trained to do so, we must assume that there existed in his brain a train of reasoning leading him to argue that it was of no use posting the letter or waiting by the box, and that the proper course was that of catching up the official. Even supposing the dog had been trained simply to wait the postman's arrival at the box, it is still striking enough to find him, independently, carrying out a new line of rational thought (precisely that which a human being would have set in action), and rushing after the man as the proper recipient of the letter.

The wild duck's case is, perhaps, less striking, because the maternal instinct is naturally a powerful incentive to the exhibition of devices for the protection of the young; although, of course, it is still wonderful to find the fact of the accurate prescience of danger so strongly marked in a bird. Where many persons err somewhat in the matter of animal reasoning powers is in expecting that all animals alike of a species should be as intelligent as certain of their race. I have throughout life been fond of studying animals' ways, and in my devotion to practical zoology I went the length of keeping, for a year or two, a monkey family in my house. I had a big cage, and my family included examples of widely different species, as well as duplicates of the same species. The greatest possible differences were noticeable in the intelligence and up-take of monkeys, both of different kinds and of the same kind. One would prove an intelligent, apt, and clever animal; another would turn out dull and apathetic. Human variations in temper and mental constitution are equally noticeable in lower life; so much so that, as Darwin relates, a man who used to purchase monkeys at the Zoo, to train them to perform tricks, offered to pay double for them if he could be allowed to return those he found of no service to him. In plain language, some were eminently teachable, and others the reverse. It is the same with dogs. I know two pugs, brothers, named "Jo" and "Punch." The former is a bundle of nerves, excitable, always on the move, and most difficult to control or to teach. The latter is a much more phlegmatic being, easy-going, and teachable, and takes life much more complacently than does his brother. Now, in the case of the dogs, as in that

of the monkeys, there must necessarily be great variations in the development of the mental powers; so that to argue of the one as of the other involves the risk of serious fallacy. Hence, I repeat, while one may be wrong in assuming that all dogs or apes or birds are able to "reason," it is legitimate enough to assert that some may, and probably do, excel their fellows in the display of brain-powers. The boundary line between reason and instinct is about as thin as that which Dryden asserts divides great wit from madness.

I have to acknowledge the receipt of numerous (and mostly courteous) letters on the Theosophy question, and again to express my regret that I cannot reply in these columns to the writers. I have already made clear my position as a scientist regarding this topic, and I can add nothing to my previous declarations. I say this much, while fully recognising the obvious sincerity of my correspondents. They are perfectly justified in seeking to convert the world to what they believe to be the best form of religious thought. All the same, science, as things are, will not move in the matter of the "marvels," nor can it concern itself with the merits of any system viewed purely as an ethical and religious cult.

THE CARLILE INSTITUTE, MELTHAM, YORKSHIRE.

The busy and thriving village of Meltham Mills, near Huddersfield, was on Friday, Oct. 16, the scene of an interesting ceremony on the occasion of the opening of the Carlile Institute. Meltham owes much of its prosperity to the firm of Messrs. Jonas Brook Brothers, which gives employment to upward of two thousand workpeople. The churches, schools, convalescent home, and public recreation grounds bear testimony to the interest which the Brook family have taken in the welfare of their people. On the retirement of Mr. James William Carlile, one of the leading members of the firm, he recently presented to the community this institute which bears his name. It has just been completed, and he was to have presided at the opening, but a sudden and severe attack of illness at the last moment prevented his leaving his house. He was represented at the inaugural luncheon by his son, Mr. W. Walter Carlile, of Gayhurst, who was supported by the Bishop of Wakefield, Lord Addington, and many of the local gentry and personal friends of the family.

The building is in the Classic style, with Doric porticos, richly moulded windows, and ornamental gables of Elizabethan



THE CARLILE INSTITUTE, MELTHAM, NEAR HUDDERSFIELD.

character. It contains a spacious entrance-hall paved with marble mosaic, a library and reading-room, a news-room on the ground-floor. Above this is a large class-room, which can also be used as an ante-room to the lecture-room—a well-proportioned and very handsome apartment, with a lofty panelled arched ceiling supported by carved corbels, the walls finished with beautifully figured pitch-pine dado panelling. In the rear are two spacious class-rooms for technical education, and a smoking-room. The friezes of the staircase and various rooms are decorated with mottoes, selected with judgment and good taste, and not without a quiet humour. The buildings, including the decorations and fittings, were designed by Mr. J. S. Alder, of Palmerston Buildings, London, and have been constructed, under his superintendence, by Messrs. Moorhouse and Mr. Henry Holland.

TO THE MEMORY OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Written at the Age of Twelve.

'Twas night: I stood by Tweed's fair stream.
Methought it sang a dirge for him
Who once on its green borders drew
The fanciful, the fairy crew:
And seemed a voice, in measured tone,
To breathe a melancholy moan.
And, whispering, sullen soundings sighed,
As mingling with the murmuring tide;
And sorrowing notes of woe they gave,
As floating on the mystic wave,
And, with the waters borne along,
They joined with every zephyr's song.
The billows wept that they no more,
When rolling t'wards the hallowed shore,
Might dance into the living lays
That minstrel's magic voice could raise;
Where every mocking mountain rang
With the rich numbers that he sang;
Where piny forests, when he spoke,
Their hoary locks in wonder shook;
And bent their spiry heads when he
Charmed Scotland's hills with harmony.

JOHN RUSKIN, October 1831.

From "The Poems of John Ruskin." Now first collected from original manuscript and printed sources. Edited by W. G. Collingwood. Two vols. (George Allen, Bell Yard, Temple Bar, London.)

ARTS AND CRAFTS OF CHILDHOOD.

BY ANDREW LANG.

Probably the chief wish of children is to do things for themselves, instead of to have things done for them. They would gladly live in a Paradise of the Home-made. For example, when we read how the 'prentices of London used to skate on sharp bones of animals, which they bound about their feet, we also wished, at least, to try that plan, rather than to wear skates bought in shops. The old books for boys recognised this sentiment: thus Master Michael Angelo, in a curious boy's book of about 1770, teaches you how to make and string the handle of your own bat and how to create stumps out of hoop-sticks. Then the football was the bladder of an animal, blown tight, and, unlike the child in Mr. Stevenson's poem, one had no preference for an implement "which a man who was really a carpenter made." We preferred to cast our own bullets, a delightful operation, and to make pistols by mounting brass cannons on stocks like pistol-butts, and attaching a wooden matchlock. It is extraordinary how seldom, comparatively, this rude weapon missed fire. Any boy of spirit prefers to make his own boats; perhaps the favourite form, with readers of Cooper, is a "dug-out"—a ship hollowed by the alternate action of fire and of the knife. Imitation of Cooper's Indians, of course, sets boys on many of their arts and crafts. Out of a big piece of slate-pencil, from the slate-pencil quarry, you can fashion a stone pipe like Chingachgook's, but to bore the tube demands a good deal of patient labour. It is far more difficult to make fire by rubbing two sticks together; in fact, I never knew even a professor of anthropology who could do more in this way than disprove the adage that there is never smoke without fire. One has known a white man get so far as to produce the smoke by friction, but the fire was never visible.

This, however, is a digression from the arts and crafts of childhood. We soon gave up trying to light fires by rubbing sticks together, and fell back on the comparatively civilised use of the burning-glass. But there were still ways of living in the Stone Age. To polish flint arrow-heads is difficult, but sharp bits of slate make very efficient tips, and arrows thus shod will actually hurt a bird or boy, if they hit him. Stone tomahawks may be made in the same way, and thrown at marks, as Uncas used to throw. Still, most boys are advanced enough in culture to prefer the catapult, which depends for its efficacy on india-rubber bands, the products of an effete civilisation. Yet catapults can, at least, be made at home, and no boy of sense will ever buy a shop catapult. The best way is to attach the india-rubber thongs by a whipping of fine strong wire. The worst of catapults is that they are always breaking in one part of their economy or another. This is so, at least, from the point of view of the sportsman; perhaps the grown-up and sophisticated public may urge other reasons for disliking catapults.

Where parents and guardians forbid catapults, I would respectfully advise the young to fall back on slings. If not precisely savage, slings, at least, are very ancient weapons. The Locrians tooled with them at the siege of Troy. Now, there be two kinds of slings: the ordinary sort is made merely of a piece of leather, to hold the stone, with two bits of string to swing it by. Myself, I think parents ought rather to prefer catapults, as a catapult shoots pretty straight, and comparatively seldom does much more mischief than it is intended to achieve. Now, no man knows where a stone or bullet from a sling will find its billet, for we are none of the sons of Benjamin, and cannot throw to a hair's-breadth without missing. There exists, however, another kind of sling. You take a supple wand of the thickness of your middle finger, and about a yard in length. At one end you cut a notch, two inches in length. You tie a string of a yard long to that end, with a loop corresponding to the notch, and with a leather thumbstall at the opposite extremity. To use the sling, take the lower end of the stick in your right hand, place a sharp stone at once in the notch and in the loop, put your thumb in the thumbstall, whirl the sling round your head, and suddenly leave hold of the leather with your thumb. You will be surprised by the results, so will your parents—often more surprised than pleased. You must not expect the comparative accuracy of the bow and arrow, still less of the catapult, but the range of the weapon described is as great as the orbit of the missile is eccentric. As far as I can learn, the secret of making this sling is almost lost. I saw none in the Pitt Rivers Museum at Oxford. Perhaps the description of the method is difficult to understand, but the manufacture, once understood, is simplicity itself. This weapon is particularly useful in suburban districts and where there are greenhouses, but even on Salisbury Plain it will do surprising things. Watch-spring guns, of course, everyone has made. The double-barrelled ones (the barrels of "Magnum Bonum" pens or ostrich quills are best) seem neatest, and will give most satisfaction. Charged with barley corns, a watch-spring gun has been known to draw blood at six yards. It cannot be necessary for me to describe the processes of manufacture where the article is so familiar and so useful. As to making whistles, my own plan is this—

I take, in April, a small straight branch of plane-tree. I cut off six inches of this, and shape it into the likeness of a whistle. Then I tap the bark with the handle of a knife till the wood is detached from the bark and slips out. The rest is easy—in fact, obvious. Whistles of different thickness produce music of different varieties. There are many other crafts of infancy, such as making popguns out of elder-tree wood, but of the arts there scarcely remains room to speak. With coloured chalk, or water colours, valuable engravings in books may rapidly be improved out of all knowledge. But I must end with—

HOW TO MAKE A GHOST.

Take a piece of sheet-iron about the height of a man. Cut it into the desired form—probably of a woman in sweeping robes. Paint it white, or with luminous paint if preferred. Then set it up, in the late dusk, at a convenient distance from observers. As they approach, slowly turn the ghost till the sharp edge only, which will be invisible, is opposite the spectator. Then, of course, the ghost will have disappeared.

This last device is from a recipe by Sir Walter Scott. By exhibitions of these and similar arts and crafts young people can do a great deal for the enlivening of a neighbourhood. Parents, however, are warned hereby to discourage all these arts and crafts.

ACROSS MONGOLIA: THE SACRED CITY OF OURGA.

BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. JULIUS M. PRICE.

Disappointing though the first view of the sacred city undoubtedly is, when seen from the mountains, it certainly improves on a nearer inspection. As I drove through the broad principal thoroughfare, which was thronged with as noisy and picturesque a crowd as could well be imagined, I could not help coming to the conclusion that, however uninteresting its



A BOURRIATE LADY.

buildings were, among its inhabitants, at any rate, I should find ample scope for my brush and pencil during my stay. On reaching the house of the merchant on whom I had a letter of credit, and where I had anticipated being able to find a lodging, I learned, to my disappointment, that there was no room to spare for the moment, but that the Russian Consul had sent word (as evidently my arrival had been expected) that I was to stay at the Consulate; so, without losing time, I ordered my man to drive there at once, as it was getting dark and the horses had evidently had enough work for the day. It took half an hour to reach the large block of buildings, with the gilt dome, which represents the kingdom of the Czar at Ourga. For reasons best known to the authorities, the Consulate is situated at least two miles from the city, and stands quite alone, out in the desert, some distance from any habitation. Most of the few travellers, I believe, who have visited this out-of-the-way corner of the world have been received and entertained under its hospitable roof during the few days their stay has usually lasted; for accommodation in Ourga itself is very difficult to find, owing to the few Europeans living there. Putting up at a Mongol "yourt" being, of course, out of the question, and as I had come with the express intention of studying this city and its inhabitants, so little known, I presently decided that I should have but little opportunity of so doing if I fixed my quarters so far from the centre of interest; so I made up my mind to put up with anything in the shape of accommodation in Ourga itself. I received a very kind and truly Russian welcome from the Consul, M. Feodoroff, but, on my informing him of my desire to find, if possible, a lodging in the city, he good-naturedly offered to do his best to help me, and next day one of the merchants agreed to take me in as a boarder at his house, and to give me half of a room occupied by one of his employés. There I was soon installed in what were to be my lodgings during my stay in the sacred city.

Ourga, or, as it is called by the Mongolians, "Bogdo Kurene"—which means the settlement of the Bogdo—though it contains nearly fifteen thousand inhabitants, cannot even by the wildest stretch of the imagination be called a city with any architectural pretensions to beauty. With the exception of the Chinese portions of it, only a small part, its streets consist of mere rows of high wooden palisades, which enclose the space in the centre of which is erected the inevitable "yourt," for so nomadic is the Mongol by nature that, even when settled here in the capital, his old instincts compel him to continue dwelling in his original tent. The effect, therefore, of these long monotonous rows of rough logs, relieved at regular intervals by tall wooden doors, all exactly of the same pattern, is indescribably dreary; and, were it not for the two or three large open spaces where a bazaar is daily held, there would be but little to see, for Ourga has but few "lions": there is really only one building of any pretension in the place, and that is the large wooden Buddhist temple which enshrines the huge gilt-bronze figure dedicated to the apostle "Maidha." Either the Mongols don't know or won't tell—most probably the former; but, at any rate, I was unable to find out anything about this mysterious figure, or how or when the immense mass of metal was brought to the Desert city. It is certainly not less than 40 ft. in height, and is in the familiar seated position in which Buddha is always represented. In fact, I should have taken it for that divinity had not my informant, a Mongol, insisted on its representing "Maidha," who, I afterwards learned, is one of the Mongol Buddhist apostles, and one much prayed to in Mongolia. The body and extremities of this immense figure are draped in yellow silk, and are almost lost in the surrounding obscurity; but the face itself, which is surmounted by a majestic crown, is

lighted up by a hidden window in front of it; so it stands out in foreshortened relief against the darkness of the dome, which gives it a certain weird appearance that is somewhat increased by the eyes being painted a natural colour. Still, Ourga is most interesting, representing as it does one of the standpoints of the Mongol Buddhist faith, and the capital of a fast disappearing nation; for here is the abode of that most holy of holy personages, the "Bogdo of Kurene," and long and weary are the pilgrimages frequently made by devout Mongols for a glimpse of this mysterious man, who occupies in their faith almost the same position as the Pope does, or rather did in former times, to the Catholics. It is for this reason that Ourga is spoken of as a sacred city, and ranks immediately after the mystic capital of Tibet, Lhassa, where is the abode of the prophet of Buddha, the living God, the mighty Dalai Lama, and which is yet a forbidden place to unbelievers.

The Bogdo of Kurene, however, is a sort of branch establishment, in Ourga, of the head office at Lhassa; for all Bogdos are supplied exactly of the same youthful age, when required, by the Dalai Lama himself. It is difficult to learn what are the special aptitudes necessary for this high position. For the average Mongol is very reticent on matters concerning his faith; but, at any rate, whatever they may be, the Bogdo seems to have a very good time of it here, for he has little or nothing to do but to live on the fat of the land and to say prayers all day. What more can a man want? He has no voice in municipal and State matters, which are conducted entirely by a Manchurian general, representing China, and by a Mongolian prince. There is, however, just one little drawback to being so august a personage. If the Bogdo conducts himself as his numerous Lamas consider he ought to do, all goes well; but unfortunately youth will have, or tries to have, its fling, and even a Bogdo is, after all, only an ordinary mortal; so when, as has been usually the case up to now, the youth, arrived at years of discretion, wished to meddle in affairs which did not concern him, or wished to indulge in pleasures not consonant with his austere position, he suddenly died; he was snuffed out, so to speak, how or when was never known, nor were any questions asked; and in course of time another Bogdo arrived from Lhassa to take his place, and perchance, also, to meet the same fate. Very few of these holy youths have lived much beyond the age of twenty. The first of the line, two hundred years ago, however, was an exception, for he died a natural death, at the advanced age of seventy: he evidently knew how to take care of himself. The present representative, who is twenty-two years old, is likely, I hear, to prove another exception; for it is said that he is of a very different stamp to his predecessors, and is, for a Mongol, a most enlightened man, taking a great interest in all modern subjects and inventions. He has even had his photo taken (for strictly private circulation only), and has a piano in his palace, which was presented to him by a former Russian Consul here. Although to obtain an audience of the great man is, for a European, an absolute impossibility, still he can often be seen; for he rides out constantly, and on several occasions I have seen him, accompanied by his suite. In fact, the first of these occasions formed rather an amusing incident, and may interest you. Seated on horseback, I was one afternoon busy making a sketch near his palace, when suddenly I heard shouting, and, looking round, saw that the people near were trying to draw my attention to a sort of cavalcade, preceded by two horsemen bearing a huge white silk standard, approaching me, and which I had not until then noticed. To start a fresh sketch was the impulse of the moment, for it was a gallant sight, which almost recalled the Middle Ages. The costumes were really gorgeous.

In the centre of the main group was a pale-faced youth dressed in bright yellow silk, the crown of his fur-trimmed hat covered with gold, which glittered like a halo on his head. Although I had some idea that he must be some very exalted personage, in spite of the frantic shouting of the people around, I went on quietly with my sketch, just for the fun of seeing the adventure out. In a few seconds they were close up to me, when, to my astonishment, they all galloped up to where I was, and I was surrounded by a curious and inquisitive crowd, who had probably never seen a sketch-book. The pale-faced youth, who looked something like an Englishman got up for a fancy-dress ball, appeared to be the most interested in my proceedings, and put several questions to me in Mongol, which, of course, were unintelligible to me, so I replied in Russian, saying I was an Englishman and did not understand Mongolian. Evidently this was considered a capital joke, although I had not intended to be humorous; for they all laughed heartily for a few moments, and then someone said something to the pale-faced youth, and they continued their ride. Immediately they were gone the people came up, and, pointing to the horsemen, said "Bogdo! Bogdo!" in a reverential sort of way, making signs that the youth with the gold roof to his hat was that august person himself. So I suppose I can claim the honour of being the first European who has had an "interview" with this inaccessible personage. The Bogdo of Kurene is supported on the same principle as are some of the London hospitals—that is, by "voluntary contributions only," yet so fervent are the Mongols in all matters connected with their religion that the amount of donations of all sorts which annually reach him is sufficient to support him and his numerous suite of Lamas in a grand and fitting style. All is grist which comes to the Bogdo's mill; so everything, however small, is acceptable, and the poorest Mongol can offer his humble tribute. By the way, I was much struck by the number of Lamas I met everywhere in Mongolia—almost every other man seemed one. On inquiring, however, I found that, although there are so many, most of them are only so in name, but a comparatively small proportion are really priests. It is customary, out of every family where there are several sons, to make at least one of them a Lama. From his earliest child-

hood his head is shaved, this being the great distinguishing outward mark between the Lamas and ordinary individuals; and though, perhaps, he may not in after life serve as a priest, still he can never marry. The title of Lama therefore, in most cases, is but a very empty one, and carries nothing with it except the obligation to wear always yellow and red, and to dispense with the pigtail and many other comforts of life.

Still, I could not help feeling that the Mongols are, in their way, a very religious people; their devotions form an important item in their daily routine; though, perhaps, to an unbeliever in the Mongol Buddhist faith, these devotions may seem to take a form which is somewhat astonishing. Among the principal features of Ourga are the "prayer-wheels," which are placed for public use in most of the big open spaces. These wheels, or rather hollow wooden cylinders, are placed under cover of rough wooden sheds, and present at first sight a very curious appearance. Most of them are covered with Tibetan inscriptions; all are completely filled with prayers written on pieces of paper. In order to pray, all that is necessary—beyond, of course, a sincere faith in what you are doing—is to walk round and round, inside the shed, and turn the cylinder with you; the more it turns the better. Many of the old people, while operating the large wheel with one hand, at the same time diligently turn a small portable one with the other: a rosary suspended from the wrist is also considered an almost indispensable adjunct. Many of the wheels were very large, so that several people could pray together; but most of them were small, and evidently were only used for private communion, the sheds in many instances being decorated with odds and ends of silk and bits of rags, intended as offerings to Buddha. Apart from the wheels are the "prayer-boards," also placed for public use in various parts of the city, and on which are continually to be seen prostrate figures lying on their faces, and thus literally humbling themselves to the very dust. From a little distance, these boards presented a very ludicrous appearance, which so reminded me of the familiar spring-board in a swimming bath that I never passed them without an inward grin—if you can imagine what that is—for any outward sign of mirth at the strange proceedings would probably have got me into trouble. The whole action of the people using them was exactly like that of a person preparing to make a run along the board and take a "header" rather than a prelude to a devotional exercise.

I don't think I was ever in a more strangely religious place than Ourga. Everywhere, at the most unexpected places, at all times, one often saw people throwing themselves suddenly face downwards, full length on the ground, saying their prayers, just as the fit took them, I suppose, these curious proceedings attracting no attention. Many a time I have been riding quietly along, when all of a sudden my horse would be made to swerve violently by some hideous old man or woman, who was seized with an irresistible impulse to say a prayer just in front of its feet. And their devotions do not end here, for every "yourt," however humble, not only contains a family wheel but is decorated outside with innumerable prayer-flags, or rather bits of rag, tied on to strings suspended from poles all round the palisades. Till I was informed what they were, I took them for bird-scares, for they could not, even by the wildest stretch of the imagination, be taken for flags. If the Mongols were only a quarter as industrious in ordinary every-day pursuits as they are in their religion, the Chinese would not, as they do, monopolise all the trade of the country, while its inhabitants sit about on their hams twirling their prayer-wheels or manipulating their rosaries, quite content if they only earn enough to keep them from day to day.

(To be continued.)



AN OURGA BEAUTY.



THE CAMEL AND PONY MARKET, OURGA.



IN THE BAZAAR AT OURGA.

ACROSS MONGOLIA: THE SACRED CITY OF OURGA.—SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. JULIUS M. PRICE.



"THE CHILDREN'S BREAKFAST."—BY H. JOCHMUS.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE PHOTOGRAPHIC UNION, MUNICH.

THE INDIVIDUAL.

BY FREDERICK GREENWOOD.

One of the proudest and most positive discoveries of the dead and gone Manchester Philosophy was that the power of the Individual was extinguished. In the bad old times it had been often seen that peace and war, comfort and misery, were apportioned to whole nations and peoples at the whim of some individual—of a man and “the accident of an accident,” or of some woman chosen by the exalted accident as playfellow in his vices. All that had been changed, or so it seemed to the neat, precise, and dapper intellect of the Manchester School. At last (thanks to the all-pervading schoolmaster and the lessons of commercial intercourse) the peoples had taken their fortunes into their own hands. The Common Sense was king; and the destinies of nations would no longer be controlled by the will or suffer by the caprice of any individual, male or female.

It seemed good that such a change should be, but there has never yet been any such change. We are very near the end of the nineteenth century now, and only the other day we were forcibly reminded that the power of the individual is as great as ever it was. There are various and very different estimates of Mr. Parnell's character; but none of them include an assertion that the history of England and Ireland during the last twelve years would have been what it was if he had never existed, or that he did not handle it very much as the potter handles clay. Some may say that “after all” he only guided “a stream of tendency.” No doubt he could not have done without a stream of tendency, any more than in old days, down in windless valleys, the miller could do without a stream of water. But the stream did not make the mill—not this mill that Parnell designed and built, and manned and directed, with visible and complete results too near to show in all their magnitude, and others yet unformed that may be greater still. But for the danger of entering upon controversial politics, it could be shown that this one man's personal will and its contrivances, wholly founded on passionate love of one country or passionate hate of another, have had a greater influence on Parliamentary Government in its birthplace than that of any man or company of men from the time of the Revolution. And is the personality of Mr. Gladstone no power? Have we not seen millions moved by the workings of his mind, as the tides by the moon or the waves by the wind? What were Cavour and Mazzini doing when, according to the Manchester doctrinaires, the will of the individual had lost its power over the destinies of peoples and nations? No Cavour—no Cavour to work as the statesman of that name chose to work after pondering the matter in his individual mind—and there would have been no Italian Kingdom; or no such Italian Kingdom as we see now.

But what the Manchester men were most sure about, and what they prophesied with the completest confidence, was that wars of ambition and caprice would no longer be waged at the word of an individual minister, or prince, or prince's wife or favourite. It was as great a mistake as Manchester ever bred. The war between France and Germany was a question of sooner or later, no doubt; but unless the French Foreign Minister of that day was mistaken, or unless the story I heard from him was unvarnished, there would have been no declaration of war when war was actually declared but for the insistency of a certain great lady at the last moment. That war would have been renewed a few years after the retirement of Germany with her milliards—war without any consultation of “peoples,” and even without their knowing much of what had been going on beforehand—if an individual will in one Cabinet had not been overawed by an individual will in another. At this moment two or three millions of men (few of whom want to fight) could be set to destroy each other, and do their utmost to uproot the happiness and wither the prosperity of tens of millions more even in this generation, by a word from one autocrat half-mad with earache or from another in a momentary exasperation of pride; I mean pride as personal as the pain. In truth, civilised Europe is little nearer to the Manchester ideal in that particular at the end of the nineteenth century than the barbaric East in any century that preceded it. Timour's hordes were no more at the disposal of an individual than the legions of the German Emperor and of the Czar.

When I think of these things, as it is very much my business to do, I wonder at the loftiness with which so many persons of culture declare their disdain of “politics.” To be absorbed in music, art-study, book-study, or, it may be, in devotion to bindings chiefly, appears to them so infinitely more worthy of intellectual beings. Nobler occupation it may be; certainly it is more pleasant and self-satisfying. Politics as practised in our times, and perhaps in all times, sadly lacks dignity, repose. The warmth it excites is rarely angelic, and the passion aroused in its pursuit is for the most part none of the loftiest; but that is only saying, I suppose, that engaging in politics is like engaging in actual war, which calls out not only what is noblest but much of what is most brutal in human nature. But describe politics how we may, the superiority thereto which Culture in its various kinds so often affects is somewhat ridiculous, and so appears when we reflect upon the theme of this snippet of essay. Persons of a purely artistic or literary temperament may smile when they hear or read discussions of what Russia may do, or France, or Germany; and indeed they do smile, proudly conscious of tastes and occupations far above the everlasting din of such debates. But these are affairs that concern not merely the studies, or even the comforts, or even the daily bread of millions of human creatures, but the very lives of many. Pass a McKinley Tariff Bill, and thousands and thousands of poor cupboards that were not too full before are now quite empty; yet how despicable does discussion about McKinley Tariff Bills seem to the higher aestheticism! And what are McKinley Tariffs, devised in an American brain here and there, compared with the awful power that still lies in the hands of an individual William in one land, an individual Alexander in another, or even, for that matter, in lands where nothing like autocracy is supposed to exist? A word here, a word there, and what an upsetting of paint-pots and reading-desks might there not be, with also the burning of thousands of homes, the slaughter of scores of thousands of men, and the making of widows and orphans at every minute of months of warfare! So it is, however, and so must be. We may all do a little good or a little harm, or a little of both; but as nations we are in the hands of a few individuals in every generation, for better or worse.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

W F S (Madras).—We are sorry we do not know the name of the author. Our own judgment somewhat inclines to your view of it.

E C HOLDEN (Astoria, Oregon).—The Black Pawn which takes the Queen is the only Pawn that can take *en passant*, because it guards the square which the White Pawn jumps at K 3rd. Only the Pawns on the fifth rank can capture in this fashion, and they move in making such capture on to the sixth rank. A Pawn on the sixth rank, like the Black one at K 6th, obviously cannot take *en passant*.

J HOLLEMAN (Potchefstroom).—“Chess Openings, Ancient and Modern,” Steinitz's “Modern Chess Instructor,” or Gossip's “Theory of the Chess Openings” can be safely recommended.

J S D (Holloway).—Your problem is not bad for a first attempt, but of no use to us. You should study construction as exemplified by the leading composers before trying further.

W H ANDER (Eastbourne).—1. Q to R 4th, P takes Kt, 2. Q to B 4th, and mate follows next move.

FITZWALTER (Exeter).—There is no mate in two moves by 1. Kt to Q 4th (ch).

C BRUNETT. The first move is Kt to B sq, &c.

NOVICE. After B K moves, then Q to B sq (ch), R interposes, Q to R 5th (ch), Q takes Q, P takes Q, and wins.

MARTIN P. In the position given Black has no good move at command.

J F ASSTAY. Apply to David Nutt, foreign bookseller, Strand.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2463 to 2468 received from Dr P B Jennie (Melbourne); of No. 2468 from Dr A R V Sastry (Tumkur); of No. 2469 from J G K (Murree); and Dr A R V Sastry; of No. 2470 from Dr A R V Sastry and J Golding (Natal); of No. 2471 from L C Banerji (Agra), Pramadha Natti Banerji (Agra), W F Slipper (Madras), J Holleman (Potchefstroom), Miss A Gilmore (Bunga, Oudh), and E C Holden (Astoria); of No. 2473 from L C Banerji; of No. 2475 from Adolph Michals (New York), J W Shaw (Montreal), and W L Tucker; of No. 2477 from J T Pullen (Lancaster); of No. 2478 from Charles Burnett, Herr T Liebhich, M A S (The Hague), B D Knox, M A Eyre, L Sehn (Vienna), T G (Ware), J T Pullen, Captain J A Challice, T Erlich, L Kerekes (Budapest), J D Tucker (Leeds), A Kleinpaal (Alton), and Fitzwalter.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2479 received from E Loudon, Fr Fernando (Dublin), Julia Short (Exeter), R Womersley (Canterbury), T Roberts, L Desanges (Milan), G Joyce, J Cond, W R Railton, T G (Ware), J F Moon, Alpha, Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), Martin P, M Burke, Dr Waltz (Heidelberg), R H Brooks, Admiral Brandreth, A Newman, C Burnett, L Howard, Dane John, I Penfold, H B Hurford, Sorrento (Dawlish), Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), D McCoy (Galway), J D Tucker (Leeds), H S Brandreth, B D Knox, Herr Liebhich, and N Harris.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2477.—By F. A. HILL.

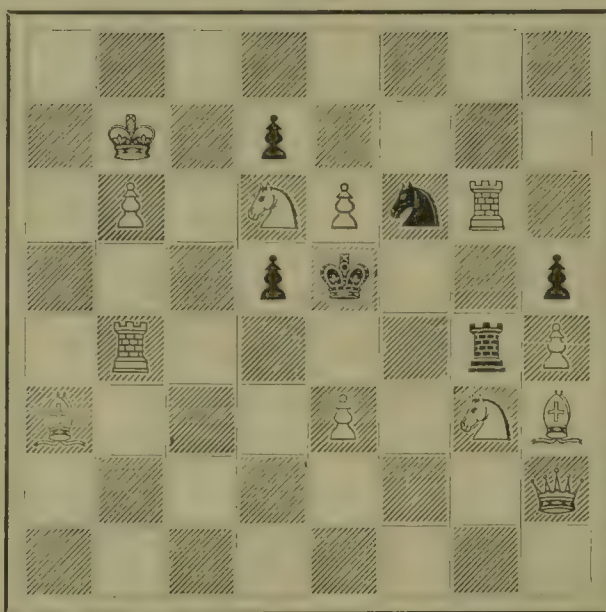
WHITE. BLACK.
1. Kt to Q 4th B or P takes Kt
2. Q to K 4th (ch) K takes Q
3. B to Kt 2nd. Mate.

If Black play 1. P to K 2nd, 2. Q to Q 7th (ch), K moves, 3. B to Kt 2nd mate; if 1. P to K 7th, then 2. Q to B 5th (ch); and if 1. P to B 5th, Q to B 5th; 2. K takes Kt, 3. Q to K 5th. Mate.

PROBLEM No. 2481.

By A. E. STUDD.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN SCOTLAND.

Game played at the Dundee Chess Club between Messrs. G. B. FRASER and E. TURNBULL.

(Fraser Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. F.)	BLACK (Mr. F.)	WHITE (Mr. T.)	BLACK (Mr. F.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	22. Q P takes Kt	Kt takes Kt
2. K Kt to B 3rd	Q Kt to B 3rd	23. P takes Q	Kt takes Q
3. B to B 4th	B to B 4th	24. B to Kt 7th	B takes P (ch)
4. P to Q Kt 4th	B takes P	25. K to B sq	B to Q 5th
5. P to Q B 3rd	B to B 4th		
6. P to Q 4th	P takes P		
7. Castles	P to Q 3rd		
8. P takes P	B to Kt 3rd		
9. P to Q 5th	Kt to R 4th		
10. B to Q Kt 2nd	Kt takes B		
A pleasing and ingenious deviation introduced some time ago by Mr. Pollock.			
11. B takes Kt P	B to Q 2nd		
Q to Q 2nd is considerably stronger.			
12. B takes R	P to K B 3rd		
13. Kt to K R 4th	Q to K 2nd		
14. Kt to B 5th	B takes Kt		
15. P takes B	Castles		
16. R to K sq	Q to K B 2nd		
17. R to K 6th	Kt to K 4th		
18. Q Kt to B 3rd	Kt to Q 2nd		
19. Kt to K 4th	K to Kt sq		
20. Q to K Kt 4th			
The imprisoned Bishop has now some chance of release, as the White Queen, if the opportunity be afforded, will next move be played to K R 4th, followed by Q R to Q sq, and Black's K B P must ultimately fall.			
21. Kt takes B P	Kt to Q B 4th		
The sequel will show that this does not turn out so well as it promised.			
21.	Kt takes R		

At the City of London Chess Club the contest for the championship of the club commenced on Oct. 19, with the following strong players in the lists: Messrs. Black, Bowles, Curmeck, Clayton, Cutler, Fazan, Gibbons, Heppell, Hooke, Howell, Hughes-Hughes, Huckvale, Hamberger, Hammond, Inghelsby, Jacobs, Knight, Kup, Loman (present champion), Mocatta, Moriau, Manlove, Peachey, Dr. Smith, A. C. Smith, Salmony, Taylor, Vyse, Woon, Ward-Higgs, and Watson. In addition to these, over one hundred members are competing for prizes in the second, third, fourth, and fifth classes.

The Club of Living Chess (Dublin), of which Mr. T. B. Rowland is director, has received and accepted an invitation to give a four-days' performance in Edinburgh during the second week of November.

The Chess Player's Vade Mecum and Pocket Guide to the Openings, by G. H. D. Gossip. (London: Ward and Downey.)—This is a work after the style and pattern of Mr. Mortimer's well-known “Chess Player's Pocket Book,” and the favourable opinions we expressed on that compilation may, as far as we have seen, be fairly applied to the brochure under notice.

Fräulein Henriette Heiner, the first nurse of the Emperor William's elder sons, died at Solingen on Oct. 11, much lamented by their Majesties and the Princes. The Empress Augusta Victoria sent her brother a telegram of condolence, in which her Majesty said, “I wish to express to you the Emperor's and my hearty condolence on your sister's death, an event which has grieved me greatly. She was a very faithful servant, and looked after our children with great self-sacrifice and love.”

ART NOTES.

It is not surprising that the youngest among the exhibitions should be foremost in starting: whether it will have the staying power remains to be seen. At any rate, the present exhibition of British water colours at the Japanese Gallery (28, New Bond Street) will go far to commend to public favour the most recently established of the Bond Street picture shows. Sir James Linton contributes two highly finished fancy portraits of the Scott series, upon which he has been at work for some time—Queen Mary, in the traditional black dress and widow's cap in which she went to execution, and Marmion in armour and doublet. The Queen's face bears but little resemblance to any of those in which experts at the recent Stuart Exhibition discovered the traces of a probable resemblance to the original, but it is a sweet, delicate face, over which the cloud of suffering has passed. The Marmion has rather too much of the “carpet knight” to realise Scott's hero, and one is tempted to doubt if he could have achieved great deeds of daring had he been hampered by the flowing skirts with which Sir James Linton has decked him. From an artistic point, however, neither work leaves much to be desired, and although we do not admire the high “stippling” in which the President of the Royal Institute delights, it is impossible to deny that he can, by its help, give tone and texture to his water-colour work which leave all competitors far behind him.

Among the other pictures—and there are upwards of one hundred and fifty—not a few are deserving of praise. Mr. Ayerst Ingram, following Mr. H. Macallum's lead, shows that he knows the secret of rendering reflected sunlight upon water, broken by the sharp shadows from passing boats. Miss Rose Barton gives a bright impression of Hyde Park Corner when the gaily dressed crowd is “Waiting for Royalty.” Mr. B. J. M. Doyne contributes some excellent reminiscences of the higher mountains of Switzerland; and Mr. Robert Fowler—one of the most promising colourists among the few painters who are not afraid to show the imaginative side of their art, is represented by “A Lament”—that of Venus for Adonis—and a fine treatment of “Caliban and Prospero.” Mr. T. M. Rooke's “Street Scene at Lisieux”—that most picturesque of old Normandy towns—and Professor Church's “View from the Monte Generoso” are pleasant reminiscences of our summer holiday as we might have wished it; but Mr. Tatton Winter's “Windy Weather,” with plenty of rain in the clouds, is, perhaps, a more truthful record of the experiences of the majority.

The first of Mr. Louis Fagan's lectures on the “Art of Engraving” attracted a large and appreciative audience to St. George's Hall. The special subject of the evening was line engraving, of which he gave a brief history, explaining the process and the use of the various tools. His first illustration was the portrait of Archbishop Parker, by Hogenberg, probably the first engraved picture in England. Then followed a dozen of the worthies of Elizabeth's reign, all from the works of Elstrake, the fashionable engraver of those days. He then passed almost at once to Faithorne (on whose works no one can speak with greater authority), the artist who gave the English school of engraving its prominence. Strange, Woollett, and Sharp belong to more modern times, but they carried on the best traditions of the English school, and have left behind them work which will take its place with the best which France or Germany can produce.

In his next lecture Mr. Fagan proposes to deal with etching—taking Rembrandt, Méryon and Jacquemart, and Whistler as the representatives of Dutch, French, and English art. The oxyhydrogen light, by which the photographic representations of the original pictures are shown, will be of curious use and importance in this course, for it will enable spectators to see how the few strokes and cuts of the etcher's needle make up the finished work we admire. Mr. Whistler, who among living etchers holds the first place, knows perhaps better than anyone how few strokes are necessary, and two new etchings by him, especially done for this course, will show how great effects can be obtained by a subtle knowledge of the value of a single line. The concluding lecture will make a survey of the course of mezzotint engraving from the days of Prince Rupert, but especially during the time of Reynolds, whose types of female beauty, etched by Earlom and others, cannot fail to be attractive as well as interesting.

“The Great Cockney Tragedy” (Fisher Unwin), by Ernest Rhys, with sketches by J. B. Yeats, is the gruesome story, told in rhyme, of a Cockney Jew—

Born in a cellar, in the gutter bred,
Promoted thence to steal his daily bread,

like many others, we fear, of the “submerged million” whom General Booth hopes to rescue. The story of the new Simple Simon is somewhat obscure, as told by Mr. Rhys, and his illustrator does not make it much clearer, and all we know for certain is that his love was misplaced, and that drink drives him to suicide. There is a decided power in some of Mr. Yeats's lines, coarse and harsh though they be; but they want gradation, and much the same may be said of Mr. Rhys, so that there is at least that amount of harmony between the sketcher and the rhymester.

Italian sculpture has sustained a real loss in the death of Vincenzo Vela. Born in the Swiss Canton of the Ticino, he worked as a boy in the marble quarries, and when but fourteen was employed on the restoration of the sculptures of the Cathedral of Milan. So poor was he that he was often forced to work by night upon jewellers' models in order to save himself from starvation. His best known works are “Prayer,” “Spartacus,” for which he received a medal at Paris in 1855, “Harmony in Tears,” composed for the tomb of Donizetti, a group of “France and Italy,” given by the ladies of Milan to the French Empress, and “The Last Days of Napoleon,” which attracted great attention at the French Exhibition of 1857, and was bought by Napoleon III. in the name of the French people. He is also the author of the statue of William Tell which stands in the piazza at Lugano. His last work was the monument to Garibaldi, erected by the citizens of Como. By his own wish his body was laid in the vast rotunda in his own house, in which stand all the models of his sculptured works.

Miss Sellers, already known to students in archaeology, chooses the British Museum for her two courses of lectures—one on the Attic sculptors from Antenor to Praxiteles, and the other on Terra-Cotta Figurines, generally known as Tanagra figures, though earlier specimens have been found at Mycenae and Tiryns, while others belong to a period long subsequent to the disappearance of Tanagra from history. These figures, of which the British Museum possesses a very noteworthy collection, have a double importance. For the artist they have preserved in many cases types of statues of which the originals are lost; while to the sociologist they convey characters and scenes of every-day life. It would be too much to say that we owe the revival of interest in classical art to the learned ladies sent forth from Giron and Newnham; but it is incontestable that they have helped much to popularise the fruits of recent discoveries among men and women of all classes.

EXTENSION OF PREMISES.

GREAT CLEARANCE SALE.

Oetzmann & Co.

67, 69, 71, 73, 75, 77, & 79, HAMPSTEAD ROAD, W.

(Near Tottenham Court Road and Gower Street Station.)

SALE NOW PROCEEDING.

Special Illustrated Sale Catalogue
Post Free.



THE "MAYFIELD" DINNER SERVICE.
In dark blue on strong Ironstone ware, reduced
to 21s., the complete set of 50 pieces.



ELEGANT SILVER-PLATED
BUTTER DISH,
with Knife to match, 5s. 11d.



SILVER-PLATED TEAPOT
(4 half-pints), richly engraved
and fluted, 12s. 11d.

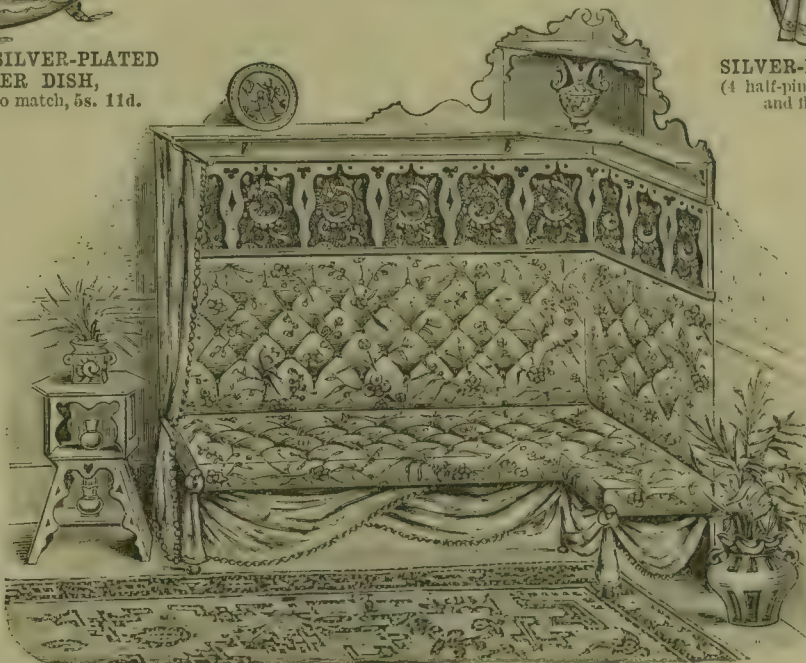


THE "DUNSTER" TOILET SET.
In black, complete, 2s. 11d.
Other patterns at 3s. 6d., 4s. 3d., 5s., 6s. 6d.,
7s. 6d., and upwards.



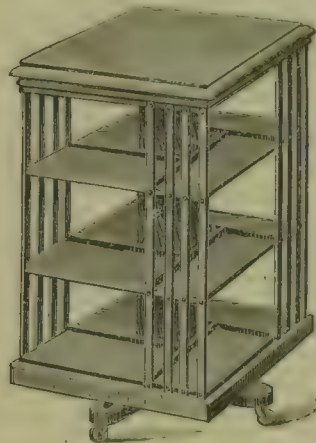
WALNUT OVERMANTEL.

With 8 Silvered Glass Plates .. 31s. 6d.
Do., with all bevelled-edge Silvered Glass Plates 37s. 6d.
Size, 4 ft. high by 3 ft. 9 in. wide.



HANDSOME COSY CORNER FITMENT.

Enamelled cream or white, with Japanese decoration in panels. The cushions and drapery of Cretonne
in various colourings. One end is fitted with brass rod and curtain. Height over all, 6 ft. 3 in.,
length, 4 ft., and short slide, 2 ft. 7 in., £6 15s.



REVOLVING BOOKCASE.

Walnut, mahogany, or oak, 2-tier, 3 ft.
high, 52s. 6d.
Ditto, 3-tier, 4 ft. high, 58s. 6d.

MAPPIN & WEBB'S STERLING SILVER PLATE.



Handsome Crystal Cut Glass Claret Jug,
with massive Sterling Silver Mounts,
£11 11s.

Illustrated
Price-Lists
Post Free.

Goods sent on
Approval to the
Country.



Registered Design. Very richly Chased Sterling Silver Tea and Coffee Service, Ebony Handles and Knobs. Complete, £45.
2-pint Teapot only, £14 14s. 2-pint Kettle and Stand, to match, £25.

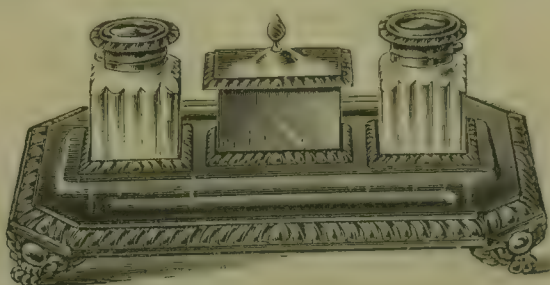


Richly Chased 3-handle Sterling Silver Tankard,
on Ebonised Block, Gilt inside, 3 pints.
Sterling Silver, £14 10s.



Sterling Silver Salvers, rich Leopard Pattern Border,
Pierced and Engraved, very handsome.

8 inches .. £9 15s.	14 inches .. £27 0s.
10 " .. 12 15s.	16 " .. 33 10s.
12 " .. 19 5s.	18 " .. 47 5s.



Sterling Silver Inkstand, rich Gadroon Mounts.
8 inches, £10 10s. 10 inches, £15 10s. 12 inches, £19 10s.



Very richly Chased Sterling Silver Afternoon Tea Service,
Ebony Handle and Knob to Teapot, which holds Five Cups,
£17.

THE POULTRY, E.C. (Opposite the Mansion House) & 158 TO 162, OXFORD ST., W., LONDON.

Manufactory: Royal Plate &
Cutlery Works, Sheffield.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

This year's mantles might, many of them, be described as "three-deckers." Such a garment has a complete under-vest, which encircles the figure; then a cape (the full three-quarter length), which is tied in to the waist behind, and falls loose, nearly closing to the front, and has a place for the arms to pass through; and then a third cape or drapery, hanging loosely over from the shoulders to cover the arms. Yet, for all this superfluous swathing of the figure, these mantles are not warm in wear. No part of the body is more sensitive than the lower arm and wrist. It will be found by experience that if these be kept warm, and the feet be well shod, so that the circulation is maintained comfortably in the extremities, the whole body will retain its animal heat, even if comparatively lightly clad. But these new mantles cover the chest and hips to an unnecessary degree, while leaving the arms exposed to all the searching winds that, in our climate during several months of the year, are like evil demons searching untiringly to do us some mischief. Nothing, indeed, is more comfortable than a long circular cape, but it must be quite long and wide enough to fold round the figure and wrap over the hands. This is not the case with the new mantles. Those which are merely circular are not long enough for comfort, while the two or three "deckers" above described have a piece which covers the arms cut off short of the front, and not intended to be completely drawn round the figure, but designed, on the contrary, to fall a little open, so as to show the well-fitting vest underneath.

They cannot, however, be denied the tribute of elegance. With their high collars and their combination of fitting so as to show the figure back and front, and loose draping over the shoulders, they are decidedly graceful in appearance. It should be noted that they are gradually growing longer; all the really new fashionable mantles, except sealskin, reach quite to the knee. The new sealskins are kept short enough to avoid sitting upon. Many cloth mantles reach to within eight inches of the ground.

At one of the best tailors some mantles are being shown with short trains, to cover the dresses made in the same way. But this novel style is, of course, only suitable for going about in a carriage to smart afternoon visits, weddings, private views, and similar social functions. A handsome sample of one of these long mantles is worth description. It is made of a very dark grey cloth, with a fitting back, set into a curved yoke of black astrachan. The sides and front fall loose from a similar yoke, and as the cloth descends in front from beneath the yoke, it is cut slopingly away to show two very handsome pieces let in of black and gold brocade, which seem at first to be part of the dress beneath. This confection is made with sleeves, which are very large at the top, and narrow into a small gauntlet cuff of the black astrachan. It deserves to be called a dress rather than a coat. Actual jackets, three-quarter length, fitting, either completely, or only at the back and sides with a loose front, and sleeves full at the top and narrowing to the wrist, are, of course, still much worn, and are free from the objection of chilliness. But mantles are at one time newer, more stylish, and more suitable for women who are in the least stout, or not quite young.

Possibly it is the growing scarcity and costliness of sealskin which accounts for the surprising order given by a firm in St. Louis, in the United States, for a hundred tons' weight of cats' tails! It may be that some other fur is destined to replace in

popularity, among women with comparatively limited purses, the fur of the seal, which is passing rapidly out of the bounds of possibility for any but the exceedingly wealthy. But for what fur can cats' tails be substituted? Sable tails, of course, form the most costly trimming that is known. This is owing to the circumstance that each sable has but one tiny tail, and that to make the tails of a vast number of sables into a single flounce a very great deal of human labour is required. It is a surprise to see for the first time the back of a sable-tail flounce. That which looks one solid and regularly matched piece of fur on the side which is turned to the world is seen on the other side to be composed of an infinite number of quite tiny strips, sewn carefully and closely together. It does not suffice merely to open out the tails and sew them together. The beautiful regularity of shading which is so much admired in a fine sable flounce has to be secured by a great deal of trouble on the part of the fur-sewer.

But there is no fear of having the tail of the domestic pussy foisted upon the market for that of sable. The long, loose, rich fur of the one is totally unlike the close-pointed hair of the other. More easily, however, could the fur of the favourite of the hearth be made to take on the semblance of the little pointed black-and-white tips which decorate the ermines' tails. It is partly for this reason that ermine has fallen into a certain disrepute with fashion. The cheap muffs made of cat's skin, and sold for a shilling or two, bear a ludicrous likeness to the extremely costly fur produced by the tiny Siberian animal.

We will hope, for the sake of our domestic pets, that the story of the vast demand for cats' tails is only an invention. If there should have been discovered a means of simulating an expensive fur with that of the cat, many of us will lose animals for whom we have a sincere feeling of affection. Cats have been much maligned. People who have no attachment to them are in the habit of describing them as though they were all of the same character and disposition, exceedingly unamiable, selfish, and unresponsive. Never was anything less correct. The cat is not, it is true, a general lover like the dog; it will not run to meet the chance caress of any passing stranger, nor will it transfer its affection readily from one owner to another. But who, with a spice of jealousy in her nature, likes pussy the less for this exclusiveness?

Those who have cherished and cared for various cats from their youth upwards are well aware how strong is the individuality of each, and how powerful and real is a cat's attachment to the human being who has once gained its heart. The "old maid's cat," that favourite subject of jest, ought to be, on the contrary, the object of true sympathy by all kindly hearts. Something to love and to care for, and to return in a more or less full degree the tenderness which is bestowed upon it, is an absolute necessity to every properly constituted female mind; and the women to whom is denied the love of children are fortunate if they can find even a partial solace in the care of an animal. The poorest old lady can keep a cat. It will be found ready to subsist upon little, content with hardship, difficult to kill, and requiring no care in its daily life. It would, indeed, be a sad tale in many a humble home if pussy were to become a valuable article of commerce, the prey of back-garden trappers.

Newfoundland journals give an encouraging account of the condition of affairs in the colony. The Government organ at St. John's reports that the present fiscal year promises to be the best on record.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The cheap edition of "Lux Mundi," just published by Mr. Murray, is very neat, though necessarily the type is small—so small that one almost doubts whether the average layman will be able to get through such a body of divinity.

Mr. Lock ably represented the "Lux Mundi" men at the Church Congress, and expressed satisfaction that one result of criticism, at least, had been to show the critics that their place was within the Church. He recalled the result of Renan discovering that he had doubts of the Book of Daniel. It goes without saying that there is no speaker to working men in the Church of England like the Dean of Rochester. Those who read only short reports of his speeches may think that he prevails by "chestnuts," but that does him an injustice. The authorised version of his speech at Mhyl proves to be a very complex document, divided up like a sermon, and at least as long. "Chestnuts" there are, including our honoured friend the farmer's complaint that claret brought him "no forrarder." But there is a good deal more than that.

Mr. Spurgeon is rallying from the acute form of his illness, and thinks of going abroad for the winter. All the arrangements for the supply of his pulpit are made directly by himself, the congregation having no voice. The assistant pastor, who was appointed by Mr. Spurgeon, has resigned; and an American Presbyterian divine, Dr. Pierson, is to preach for three months—this gentleman also having been selected by Mr. Spurgeon.

Dean Pigou's advent to Bristol is likely to bring great changes in the cathedral. Evening services are to be held in the nave. There is still some soreness, arising from the feeling that Archdeacon Norris has hardly had his due.

Dr. Mackennal, of Bowdon, who has been appointed secretary of the Congregational Union, makes a considerable sacrifice in accepting the position. The manner in which his appointment was postponed makes a curious and unedifying story, but in the end the election was unanimous and enthusiastic.

Mr. Kegan Paul gave the inaugural lecture on Newman at Newman House, and is to give a course on Shakspeare to an evening class.

Complaints are made that the Archbishop of Canterbury, in his address at the Church Congress, declared that the Protestants of Ireland were not a tenth of the population. It is explained that at the time of disestablishment the Protestants were one in five, and that they are now one in four of the whole population. But the Archbishop was probably thinking of Episcopalians.

The Maharajah Dhuleep Singh has rented a villa at Beaulieu for the season.

The Canadian Pacific Railway has long been talked of as an imperial highway, and in December next a formal test is to be made of the capacities of the road for the carriage of British troops. The British Director of Transports is concluding an arrangement with the railway company for the carriage of the complement of one of the men-of-war on the North American station—700 men and officers—from Halifax, Nova Scotia, to Vancouver, on the Pacific coast, where a British troop-ship will be in waiting to complete the journey to the China station. The railway authorities are confident of their ability to serve the British Government in this way.

THE MANUFACTURING

GOLDSMITHS' & SILVERSMITHS' COMPANY.

Show-Rooms: 112, REGENT STREET, W. (Opposite Vigo Street.)

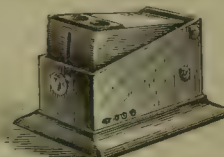
Supply the Public direct at Manufacturers' Cash Prices, saving Purchasers from 25 to 50 per cent.



Solid Silver, richly Chased, Cabinet Frame, £1 5s.



Solid Silver Cigar Case, length, 4½ in., new fluted, £3 5s.



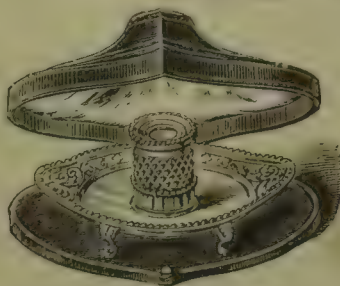
Solid Silver 2-hole Cigar Cutter, £3 15s.



Solid Silver Roman Lamp Cigar Lighter, with Dipper, £4.



Solid Silver Fern Pot Holder, 2½ in. high, 30s.; 3½ in., 55s.



Solid Silver Inkstand, length, 6 in., with Richly Pierced and Engraved Border, fitted in best Morocco Case, £3 15s.



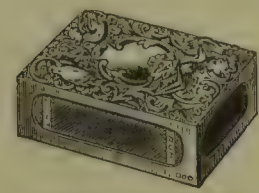
Beautifully Embossed Solid Silver Table Mirror, height, 11 in., £3 10s.



Fine Crystal Scent Bottle, Solid Silver Watch Top, £2.



Elaborately Chased Solid Silver Bowl, 3½ in. wide, with Silver to match, in best Morocco Case, £4 15s.



Richly Embossed Solid Silver Matchbox, £1.

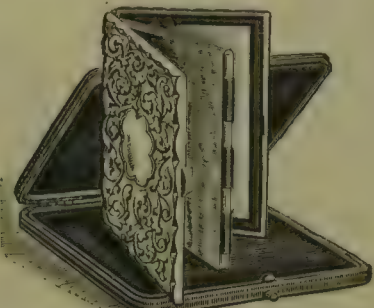


Solid Silver Comb Tray, length, 8½ in., 27s. 6d.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE
POST FREE.
Goods Forwarded to the Country
ON APPROVAL.



Solid Silver Richly Chased Brush Tray, length, 9½ in., 45s.



Richly Engraved Solid Silver Lady's Card Case, lined Silk, with Silver Pencil, £3.



Solid Silver Flower Vases, Richly Chased Repousse. Height, 4 in. 6 in. 6½ in. 20s. 27s. 6d. 35s.

GOLDSMITHS' & SILVERSMITHS' COMPANY, 112, REGENT STREET, W.

Manufactory: CLERKENWELL.

"Vinolia" Soap

TO AMERICANS.

We beg to inform the American readers of this journal, in order to save them the trouble of writing to us, that they will have no difficulty whatever in obtaining our preparations from any of the leading Druggists in the United States. All the Wholesale Houses keep them in stock. "VINOLIA" SOAP is not treated with chemicals like transparent Soaps, and further differs from the latter in that it is made from the best stock, and does not contain from 10 to 30 per cent. of sugar. Moreover, it is not charged with methylated spirit, and is superfatted with material which has nothing whatever in common with the oleaginous mineral and animal greases incorporated with the various so-called Cream Soaps and other imitations of "VINOLIA" SOAP. It is the only Soap which has been thoroughly endorsed by the medical and other scientific press.

VINOLIA SOAP.—Floral, 6d.; Balsamic (Medical), 8d.; Otto (Toilet), 10d.; and Vestal, 2s. 6d. per Tablet.

VINOLIA SHAVING SOAP.—1s., 1s. 6d., and 2s. 6d. per Stick; Flat Cakes, 2s. and 2s. 6d.

VINOLIA SHAVING FOAM.—In Collapsible tubes, 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d.

VINOLIA.—(For Itching, Insect Bites, Face Spots, &c.) 1s. 9d., 3s. 6d., and 6s. per box.

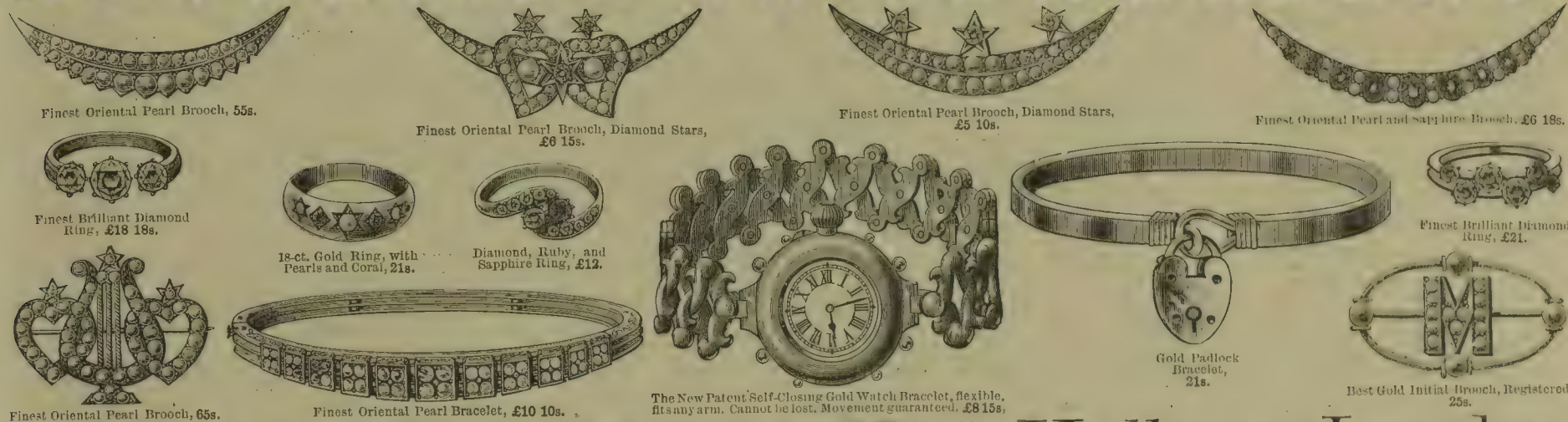
VINOLIA POWDER.—(For Toilet, Nursery, Tender Feet, &c.) 1s. 9d., 3s. 6d., and 6s. per box, in Pink, White, and Cream.

VINOLIA DENTIFRICE.—English, 2s. 6d.; American, 1s. 6d.

LYPSYL.—(A Coraline Emollient for the Lips), 1s. per box.

OUR AMERICAN ADDRESS IS BLONDEAU et CIE, 73 and 75, WATTS STREET, NEW YORK.
ENGLISH DEPOT: RYLAND ROAD, LONDON, N.W.

NOVELTIES IN JEWELLERY.



GODWIN & SON, 304, High Holborn, London

By Special Appointment to His Highness the Khedive of Egypt.
 Imperial Order of Osmanieh.

Immediately opposite the First Avenue Hotel. (Established 1801.)

"MY QUEEN" VEL-VEL

Is the daintiest DRESS FABRIC the modern loom has given to the fashionable world. For softness and delicacy of surface, "MY QUEEN" VEL-VEL equals the best Lyons Silk Velvet, for which it forms an attractive substitute. The depths and richness of Blacks in "MY QUEEN" VEL-VEL have never been equalled, while the New Shade Card contains nearly 200 colours, including every conceivable Art Shade.

"THE QUEEN" says:—

"This year's patterns in 'MY QUEEN' VEL-VEL, it may be said without flattery, are a delight to the most fastidious eye."

"THE LADY'S PICTORIAL" says:—

"A very beautiful material, closely resembling the richest Silk Lyons Velvet, soft and lovely in texture, falling naturally into the most artistic folds. The brilliant lustre of its surface and its durability and strength make it simply a marvel of cheapness. Being light in weight, it will be found pleasant for evening wear all the year round. The colours embrace all the newest and most beautiful shades."

"MYRA'S JOURNAL" says:—

"A rich and beautiful velvet—the colours are simply lovely, and the pile is rich and thick. The appearance of 'MY QUEEN' VEL-VEL is that of a highly finished Silk Velvet."

"WELDON'S LADIES' JOURNAL" says:—

"'MY QUEEN' VEL-VEL is to be recommended for all purposes where silk velvet is employed. This special make of velveteen is unequalled for richness of pile, which is close and erect, and with all the lustre or lovely bloom seen on the best quality silk velvets, while its being fast-woven enables it to resist any amount of hard wear without crushing or in any way affecting its rich velvety surface."

See that the Registered Trade Mark, "MY QUEEN" VEL-VEL, is stamped along the whole selvedge, without which it cannot be genuine.

Ladies are particularly requested to write to A. HUNT and CO. for this New Season's Fashion Book, containing all the latest fashions, and EIGHT Full Page Costumes in Colours, Post Free to any address.

TO BE HAD OF LEADING DRAPERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

SOLE PROPRIETORS:—

A. HUNT AND CO.,
 41, St. Paul's Churchyard, London, E.C.



THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

From time immemorial actors have been inordinately fond of plays in which they can "double," as it is called, characters of opposite temperament. Why not actresses? It is a trick of the trade, and seems to be a popular one. At any rate, it keeps the game alive. If Henry Irving may at one time be the cut-throat villain Duboseq, at the other the virtuous Lesurques, in "The Lyons Mail"; if the same accomplished actor can portray the varied emotions of the twin Corsican Brothers, why should not Miss Bessie Hatton have a new version of Mark Twain's "Prince and Pauper" all to herself, and dazzle us with a refined little Prince of Wales and a cheery little gutter child, Tom Canty of the courts and alleys of old London? It is a temptation that few clever actresses can resist. There is so much to do, so many varied emotions to depict, they must be "two single gentlemen rolled into one," and all the evening they must be changing their dresses from purple and fine linen to rags and tatters. Of course the best "doubling" play ever written is the "Comedy of Errors," by one William Shakspeare. Here we have a double set of doubles. We have the Dromios and we have the Antipholi, but I am bound to confess, however ingenious may be the plan or excellent the acting, I have never once been deceived for even half a minute. There was a celebrated revival of the "Comedy of Errors" at the old Princess's Theatre many a year ago, got up on account of the supposed extraordinary likeness of the Brothers Webb. They played the Dromios, and Mr. George Vining with Mr. John Nelson appeared as the Antipholi. It was interesting, it was a *tour de force*, but to me at least it was not convincing. But the great difficulty is, when an actor doubles a part, to avoid the "dummy" or the substitute. At one time or another he must get behind a tree or behind a door, and the "double dummy" must appear, generally with his back turned, to deceive the eyes of the audience. The best stage trick on record for avoiding the "dummy" is in the last act of "The Lyons Mail," where the crowd breaks in, and Henry Irving, as the cut-throat blackguard, hides behind the door, and in a few seconds after comes on smiling as the virtuous and much-injured man. This is as neat and effective a stage trick as can well be conceived, but it is a shame to deprive the "dummy" of his one chance of fame. The late Arthur Matthison, an excellent fellow indeed, but not a particularly good actor, prided himself on his facial resemblance to Henry Irving. It was not very remarkable, but it pleased poor Matthison to be taken for Irving. He got his chance—the ambition of his life—when he played the double to Irving in "The Corsican Brothers" at the Lyceum. I don't suppose he was on the stage for five seconds, but he revelled in those five seconds of artistic bliss.

The thing that strikes me with surprise in these doubling characters is that the people on the stage should ever be foolish enough to be taken in by the supposed likeness. Facially, the two men may be alike, but in manner and voice never. Now, what sane man could be deceived by the Duboseq and Lesurques of "The Lyons Mail"? One speaks in a voice as mild as milk; the other in a gin-and-fog voice that would not deceive a stable-keeper or ostler. To look at, they are alike, but they are in reality different men altogether. The resemblance ceases when the men open their mouths. Many of us in our time have been taken for other men, but those most deceived at a distance declare "Why, you are not a bit alike!"

when we begin talking. We may be alike in eyes, in hair, in stature, and in colour. But no two men—even were they twinned at birth—ever had the same manner. I grant that on the stage this difference of manner is essential: without it, what would be the good of doubling any part? If clever and persuasive Miss Bessie Hatton could not show the refinement of the Prince and the Cockney vulgarity of the Pauper, why take the trouble of playing both characters? If she could not give us the refined and well-bred nature of the scholar-prince and the slanginess of the promoted Canty, the stage-trick would be of no value. But, however cleverly and artistically it may be done, we cannot help asking ourselves, in the throne-scene, for instance, how the Lord Protector and all the courtiers could have been taken in by such a rowdy and roistering little Prince? Incipient madness would scarcely make a prince familiar with the slang and manners of the "kennel." I suppose these remarks are forced upon one by the detestable spirit of "reality and realism" that hangs heavy in the theatrical atmosphere. Part of the pleasure of playgoing is taken away from us by the carping spirit of modern criticism. We can "make believe" no more. The pleasure based wholly on healthy imagination is to be robbed of its chief support. We are to have no more faith. The "majority is always wrong," and now we are told—astounding utterance!—that the curse of dramatic Philistinism is due to the "middle classes," who are crushing down with their vulgar heels all the ennobling and best aspirations of dramatic art. I often wonder to what class, then, belong these self-satisfied writers who denounce the middle-classes. Are they of the Upper Ten or the Lower Ten? I suppose they are of a class apart, a holy of holies outside classification.

I am right glad that Henry Irving, in his own gentle, genial, and pleasantly caustic fashion, has, in his recent speech at Liverpool, spoken out on the subject of the new criticism and the new order of dramatic movement. For he speaks with authority, and not as one of these red-hot enthusiasts. He could an he would enlighten the public on the pretensions of the new iconoclasts. He could show how those who most traduce him have been on their knees to him to produce their plays, and date the changed demeanour from the inevitable refusal not to recognise good work, but to be unable to produce an unsuitable play. How many of the plays of the future, as they have been called, have been offered, I wonder, to Henry Irving? He was the saviour of the stage during their reading and the obloquy of it after their rejection? Unless we are to assume that managers are born fools, and do not know their own business, they are not in the habit of refusing dramatic masterpieces, and we have it on record that the authors of these masterpieces have seldom the courage of their own opinions. If not, why are the masterpieces still hidden from the public eye? Mr. Henry Irving has said what we who have studied the stage through a long period of trouble know to be perfectly and absolutely true; and that is that the English stage has improved marvellously in dignity, in literature, in culture, in aim, and in desire during the last quarter of a century. In what department of art has it not improved? The Independents are continually raging against the curse of melodrama. Do they know what Adelphi melodrama was like in 1860, as compared with 1891? They tilt at burlesque and the comic plays that must exist unless we are never to laugh and the playhouse is to be a Morgue! Was there a Savoy Theatre, or anything like a Savoy entertainment, in 1860? Have not Gilbert and Sullivan elevated the whole school of light comic stage literature, and gradually forced despised burlesque into better and healthier lines? Where is

the dreadful vulgarity of which these superfine people complain? It is falling as the mist falls before the sunshine. Why, I ask again, should the good work—the ennobling stage work—of our Irvings and Bancrofts and Hares, and their successors the Trees and Alexanders, be wholly forgotten in this ungenerous fashion? When we have such splendid craftsmen and wits as Arthur Wing Pinero to help the stage, and brilliant enthusiasts like Henry Arthur Jones—a dramatic reformer if ever there was one in this world—when we have Irving and Tree producing Shakspeare, and comedy at its most brilliant epoch under John Hare, and the art of playwriting improved, and the art of acting marvellously exalted, and the dramatic art gradually returning to its place among the sister arts, why should we be pestered with this pessimistic wailing about the degradation of art? Why, it was never in a better case than now.

The good work of Irving has extended to America, and is bearing good fruit all round. The good work of the Bancrofts is shown in all our best comedy theatres. The good work of Gilbert and Sullivan is of paramount and vital importance in the interesting story of the amusements of the people during the last quarter of a century. And have they nothing better to show us in order to prove our degradation and Philistinism and middle-class fetichism, and general ignorance and vulgarity, than translated Ibsen and translated Zola? Who most deserve the respect and honour of their countrymen devoted to the exaltation of dramatic art? These men I have mentioned—these men who have been on the stage all their lifetime, these men who have nobly borne the burden and heat of the day—or the excellent young Dutchman Mr. J. T. Grein, who has been condescending enough to take the poor drama under his fostering wing? We grant that he is actuated by the noblest motives, that he is an enthusiast—all honour to him for it!—that he is very much in earnest, that he loves the art he patronises. But what on earth has Mr. Grein or any of his fellow-workers done that has not been done better and more consistently by the honourable gentlemen at the head of the dramatic profession? One would think that we were a lot of savages, or steeped in the lowest depths of dramatic ignorance, that we had studied nothing, observed nothing, knew nothing, if we only listened for one moment to the absurd pretensions of these self-satisfied reformers, who know not modesty and are destitute of reverence for those we delight to honour. Believe me, the stage is getting on very well, thank you. And when our present leaders go into honourable retirement the right leaders will come up to take their places. Macready, Charles Kean, Henry Irving! There they are and there they stand. We may think what we like of them as executants, but of their single-minded purpose and their love for their art there can be no question. And they were born leaders. What they preached they practised. They acted, they did not talk!

Prohibition would seem to be again making an advance in British North America despite some drawbacks. The Ontario Court of Appeal has just upheld the right of the Provincial Legislature to empower municipalities to pass bye-laws prohibiting the retail sale of intoxicating liquors, and a widespread movement is on foot to carry the measure into effect. This power is already in the hands of municipalities in the Province of Quebec, and the new Legislative Assembly of the North-West Territories has also been given jurisdiction in matters affecting the liquor trade. The question of federal prohibition has been relegated to a Royal Commission by the Dominion Government.

Excitement, Changes of the Weather, Sleeplessness, Feverish Cold, with High Temperature and Quick Pulse, use



ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'

An Imperative Hygienic Need.

IT keeps the blood pure, prevents and cures fevers and acute inflammatory diseases, removes the injurious effects of stimulants, excitement, narcotics, such as alcohol, tobacco, tea, coffee, by natural means; thus restores the nervous system to its normal condition, by preventing the great danger of poisoned blood and over-cerebral activity; sleeplessness, irritability, worry, &c. Should be kept in every bed-room and travelling trunk for any emergency; always useful; can never do any harm.

If its great value in keeping the body in Health were universally known,

NO FAMILY WOULD BE WITHOUT IT.

IT is the BEST PREVENTATIVE of and CURE for BILIOUSNESS, Sick Headache, Skin Eruptions, Pimples on the Face, Giddiness, Fevers, Blood Poisons, Mental Depression, Want of Appetite, Constipation, Vomiting, Thirst, &c., and to remove the effects of errors in Eating and Drinking. It is invaluable to those who are Fagged, Worn Out, or Worn Out, or anyone whose duties require them to undergo Mental or Unnatural Excitement or Strain; it keeps the Blood pure, and prevents disastrous diseases by natural means.

IMPORTANT TO TRAVELLERS in India, Egypt, America, and the Continent. — "Please send me half-a-dozen bottles of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' I have tried ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' in India, Egypt, and America, and on the Continent for almost every complaint, fever included, with the most satisfactory results. I can strongly recommend it to all travellers; in fact, I am never without it.—Yours faithfully,
"June 6, 1878."
"AN ANGLO-INDIAN OFFICIAL."

NATURE RULES ALL THINGS.

OUR chief difficulty in comprehending Nature is her simplicity—the multitude and boundless variety of results which she educes from one law. It is impossible to have a more forcible simile than the various results caused by a natural action of the liver, when you produce healthy bile.

THE STOMACH AND LIVER AND THEIR TRIALS.—"Permit me to say that I have suffered much from a Stomach and Liver Complaint. Having consulted doctors and tried many medicines, but found that none of them relieve me of this unhappy condition, one doctor told me to try ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' I acted upon his advice at once, and it is now nearly a year since I began to use it. Its great value has not been overstated, and I wish to say that by its use I am enabled to follow my daily occupation and to enjoy the pleasures of life. I have recommended ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' to others.—I am, dear Sir, yours faithfully,
"To Mr. J. C. Eno."

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.—STERLING HONESTY OF PURPOSE—WITHOUT IT LIFE IS A SHAM!—"A new invention is brought before the public, and commands success. A score of abominable imitations are immediately introduced by the unscrupulous, who, in copying the original closely enough to deceive the public, and yet not so exactly as to infringe upon legal rights, exercise an ingenuity that, employed in an original channel, could not fail to secure reputation and profit."—ADAMS.

CAUTION.

Examine each Bottle, and see that the capsule is marked ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." Without it you have been imposed on by a worthless imitation. SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS.

Prepared only at ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" WORKS, LONDON, S.E., by J. C. Eno's Patent.

ALL RHEUMATIC AND NERVOUS AFFECTIONS,

NERVOUS EXHAUSTION, IMPAIRED VITALITY, BRAIN FOG, SLEEPLESSNESS, RHEUMATISM, GOUT, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, INDIGESTION, CONSTIPATION, LOSS OF APPETITE, KIDNEY AND OTHER ORGANIC TROUBLES, &c., yield like magic to the marvellous healing properties of mild continuous currents of Electricity, imperceptibly applied to the system by simply wearing

HARNESSES

ELECTROPATHIC BATTERY BELT

IT HAS CURED THOUSANDS OF SUFFERERS.

Without the aid of poisonous drugs or quack nostrums. If any of our readers doubt the remarkable curative powers of this genuine and convenient appliance, we would ask them to carefully read the following letters, and write for our Book of Testimonials; or, better still, call, if possible, and personally inspect the originals. They will at the same time be able to see the Belts scientifically tested, and have the various curative appliances fully explained to them.

RHEUMATISM EXTERMINATED FROM THE SYSTEM.

Mr. W. GUNN, the celebrated Nottingham professional, writing from the County Cricket Warehouse, 14, Carrington Street, Nottingham, says: "You will be glad to hear that the Electropathic Belt I had from you has quite cured the rheumatism that prevented me from playing football, and it has also been of great benefit in sustaining strength of nerve and endurance, which qualities are both of great importance in my profession."

GEORGE COPPEY, Esq., 120, Morley Avenue, Wood Green, N., writes: "I take up my pen with pleasure to thank you for the great benefit my wife has received from the use of your Electropathic Belt. She had been suffering from acute sciatica for five months. We had tried three doctors, and had, as we thought, given every known remedy a fair trial, without any result. Within forty-eight hours after wearing it, to the wonder of all, she could stand upright, the pain gradually leaving her, and not returning from that day to this."

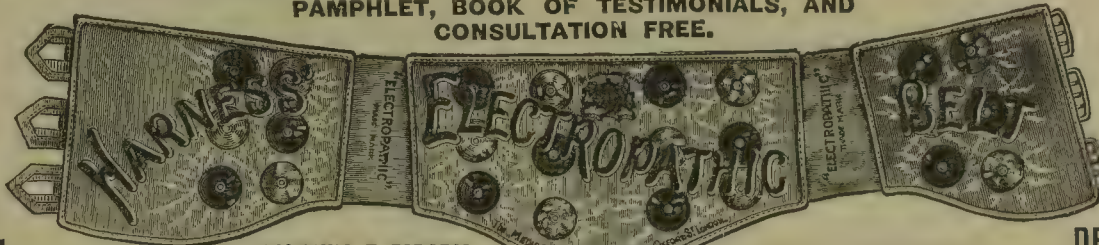
NERVOUS EXHAUSTION.

ED. PILCHER, Esq., 19, Harbour Street, Ramsgate, writes, March 17, 1891: "It gives me much pleasure to add my testimony to the great relief I have received by wearing one of your Electropathic appliances. For some years I had been a sufferer from Nervous Exhaustion, Neuralgia, and several other ailments, but since I have worn one of your valuable Belts I have been quite another man. That dreadful sensation of languor which was so prevalent is entirely gone, and my nervous condition is greatly improved."

DEBILITY.

Miss BESSIE LATTIN, Elton House, Barton Street, Gloucester, writes, April 7, 1891: "I am very thankful to say my health has greatly improved since wearing your Electropathic Belt. My life was quite miserable from constant attacks of Indigestion, and I was so weak from sickness as to have no energy for anything. I confess you will be glad to hear that I have got so much stronger that in a few months I hope to be married."

PAMPHLET, BOOK OF TESTIMONIALS, AND CONSULTATION FREE.



IT RESTORES
IMPAIRED VITALITY.

A
BOON

TO WEAK MEN.

IT CURES
HYSTERIA.

A
BLESSING
TO
DELICATE WOMEN.

HARNESSES' ELECTROPATHIC BELT is light and comfortable in wear, and is guaranteed to imperceptibly generate a mild continuous current of electricity, which cannot fail to invigorate the debilitated constitution. It also promotes the circulation, gives tone to muscles and nerves, and speedily arrests any sign of PREMATURE DECLINE OF VITAL ENERGY. RESIDENTS AT A DISTANCE, and all who are unable to call and avail themselves of a free personal consultation, should write at once to the **MEDICAL BATTERY COMPANY, Limited**, for a copy of their descriptive Illustrated Pamphlet and Book of Testimonials, which may be obtained gratis and post free on application to

MR. C. B. HARNESSES,

PRESIDENT, THE ELECTROPATHIC AND ZANDER INSTITUTE,

The Largest and only Complete Electro-Medical Institute in the World.

52, OXFORD ST., LONDON.W.

Cheques and Postal Orders should be crossed "London and County Bank."

DR. DE JONGH'S

KNIGHT OF THE ORDER OF LEOPOLD OF BELGIUM
KNIGHT OF THE LEGION OF HONOUR

LIGHT-BROWN COD LIVER OIL

Incontestably proved by Thirty-five Years' Universal Medical Experience to be
THE PUREST, THE MOST PALATABLE, THE MOST DIGESTIBLE, AND THE MOST EFFICACIOUS
IN CONSUMPTION, THROAT AFFECTIONS, AND DEBILITY OF ADULTS AND CHILDREN.

SELECT MEDICAL OPINIONS.

DR. PROSSER JAMES,

Lecturer on Materia Medica, London Hospital.

"Dr. DE JONGH'S Oil contains the whole of the active ingredients of the remedy, and is easily digested. Hence its value, not only in Diseases of the Throat and Lungs, but in a great number of cases to which the Profession is extending its use."

JOSEPH J. POPE, Esq., M.R.C.S.,

Late Staff-Surgeon, Army, India.

"The value of 'hydro-carbons' in all debilitated states of the system is now becoming thoroughly recognised. Dr. DE JONGH'S Oil places in everyone's reach a reliable and valuable remedy."

DR. THOMAS NEDLEY,

Physician to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

"The most uniformly pure, the most palatable, and the most easily retained by the stomach is Dr. DE JONGH'S Light-Brown Oil. I have habitually prescribed it in cases of Pulmonary Consumption, with very beneficial results."

LENNOX BROWNE, Esq., F.R.C.S.E.,

Senior Surgeon, Central London Throat Hospital.

"The action of Dr. DE JONGH'S Oil has proved, in my own experience, particularly valuable in many cases of weakness of the Singing and Speaking Voice, dependent on Bronchial or Laryngeal Irritation."

Sold ONLY in Capsuled Imperial Half-Pints, 2s. 6d.; Pints, 4s. 9d.; Quarts, 9s.; by all Chemists and Druggists.

Sole Consignees—**ANSAR, HARFORD, & CO., 210, High Holborn, London, W.C.**

CAUTION.—Resist mercenary attempts to recommend or substitute inferior kinds.

PEPSALIA

The British Medical
Journal says: "Pepsalia
affords a strong aid to digestion.
We have proved its efficacy."

PEPSALIA IS PROMPT.

PEPSALIA IS SAFE.

PEPSALIA IS EFFECTUAL.

Use one saltspoonful of Pepsalia to
an ordinary plate of food.

In Bottles, 1s. and 2s. each,
from Chemists, or from

G. and G. STERN,
62, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.

When digestion is weak,

When there is a weight as of a stone,

When there is a general feeling of discomfort,

Remember that

PEPSALIA,

used regularly in place of ordin-
ary Table Salt while eating, will
always ensure prompt and per-
fect digestion, and give health
and comfort.

FOR

INDIGESTION.

AMERICAN
"ILLINOIS" LEVER WATCHES.

Silver,
42/-



Silver,
42/-

Thoroughly
Guaranteed
for
Timekeeping,
Strength, and
Durability.

Every ILLINOIS
WATCH is war-
ranted to be
made of the best
materials on the
most approved
principles, and
to be a reliable
Timekeeper.

Second to None.

18-ct.
£15:10



Gold.
£15:10

In Two Sizes.
Strong Movement, Jewelled, 3-Plate,
Compensation Balance.
In Stout Silver Cases, also in large
size, 42s.

No. 13.

Gent's size, 3-Plate, Keyless Action,
Lever Movement, Compensation
Balance, in Stout Silver Cases, £3 3s.

FULL
ILLUSTRATED
CATALOGUE
POST FREE
ON
APPLICATION.

Keyless Action, Lever Movement,
11 fine Rubies, Compensation Balance.

In Silver 3-Hunting Case ... £4 10 6
In 10-ct. Gold " " " " " 10 0 0
In 18-ct. " " " " " 15 10 0

These Watches also in Open-Face Cases from
£4 to £14 10s.

18-ct. Gold,



£9:9:0

Ladies' Size.
Keyless Action, Lever Move-
ment, Jewelled with fine
Rubies.

In Silver Cases,
from £3 3s. to £9.

In 10-ct. Gold Cases,
from £5 17s. to £11 11s.

In 18-ct. Gold Cases,
from £9 9s. to £17 17s.

LOCAL AGENTS
APPOINTED.



£3:3:0

SOLE EUROPEAN AGENTS:

PERRY & CO., LD., 18, 19, & 20, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Aug. 2, 1882), with three codicils (dated May 15, 1886; March 19, 1889; and Dec. 24, 1890), of Sir Charles Forster, Bart., M.P., J.P., D.L., late of 36, Queen Anne's Gate, and Lysways Hall, Staffordshire, who died on July 26 last, was proved on Oct. 10 by Sir Charles Forster, Bart., and John Henry Forster, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £90,000. The testator gives £500, the rent of his house in Queen Anne's Gate, and his house and land, or share therein, in France, with the furniture and effects, to his wife; he also gives her an annuity of £600, charged on the estates devised to his son Charles, in addition to the provision made for her by their marriage settlement; £10,000 to the trustees of his marriage settlement in satisfaction of a charge to that amount, and to free therefrom the estates settled by the same settlement; and many other legacies. The Hanch Hall property he settles on his son John Henry; the Farewell farm property on his son Francis Villiers; and the estates of which he was tenant for life under the will of his father, and the residue of the real estate to which he is entitled in fee simple, on his eldest son, Charles. The residue of his personal estate he bequeaths to his said three sons.

The will (dated May 3, 1886), with two codicils (dated Oct. 12, 1887, and July 1, 1888), of Mr. James Matthews, late of 21, Manchester Square, senior partner in the firm of Grindlay and Co., bankers and army agents, has just been proved by James Henry Matthews, the son, Miss Victoria Maria Matthews, the daughter, and Major-General Webber Desborough Harris, the son-in-law, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £92,000. The testator bequeaths pecuniary legacies to his grandchildren, several friends, and all clerks and messengers who have been in the employ of his firm for more than a year. The residue of the estate is to be equally divided between his three daughters, Mrs. Elizabeth Harris, Miss Victoria Maria Matthews, and Mrs. Catherine Jane Man, the latter share in trust for her children.

The will (dated April 29, 1891) of the Rev. William Carus, formerly Canon of Winchester, late of Merton, Bournemouth, who died on Aug. 27, was proved on Oct. 10 by Mrs. Maria

Elizabeth Carus, the widow, and the Rev. George Edward Tate, Prebendary of Wells, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £30,000. The testator gives, devises, and bequeaths all his real and personal estate whatsoever and wheresoever to his wife absolutely.

The will (dated March 30, 1874) of Captain John Thomas Henry Butt, J.P., formerly 75th Foot, late of Elmhurst, in the parish of Street, Somersetshire, who died on Sept. 2, was proved on Oct. 2 by Mrs. Emily Butt, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate exceeding £13,000. The testator devises and bequeaths all his real and personal estate to his wife absolutely.

The will of Mr. Charles Pegler, late of 44, Ladbroke Grove Road, North Kensington, who died on Aug. 9, was proved on Oct. 10 by Thomas Boyne Pegler, the son, and Miss Agnes Pegler, the daughter, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £7344.

The will and codicil of the Hon. Adolphus Edward Paget Graves, late of Dumbarton House, Richmond, Surrey, who died on Sept. 1, was proved on Oct. 13 by Romer Williams, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to £6950.

The will (dated April 20, 1883), with a codicil (dated June 26, 1891), of Alderman Samuel Osborn, Mayor of Sheffield, head of the firm of Samuel Osborn and Co., Clyde Steel and Iron Works, who died at Blackpool on July 7, has been proved at the Wakefield District Registry by Mrs. Eliza Osborn, the widow and acting executrix, the gross value of the personal estate amounting to £6635. There are various legacies, and the residue of his property the testator leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for his children in equal shares.

The Irish Probate, granted at Armagh, of the will (dated Sept. 2, 1889) of Mr. Thomas James Johnston, late of Brookborough, in the county of Fermanagh, who died on March 14, to Thomas J. Wilkin, M.D., the nephew and sole executor, was revealed in London on Oct. 3, the gross value of the personal estate in England and Ireland amounting to £3592. The testator bequeaths £50 each to the British and Foreign Bible

Society and the Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society; and £30 to the Religious Tract Society, all of London; and other legacies. He appoints his said nephew residuary legatee.

The will of Mr. George Robert Lambert Annesley, C.M.G., formerly H.B.M.'s Consul-General at Hamburg, late of 5, Palmeira Avenue, Brighton, who died on Sept. 4, was proved on Oct. 7 by Mrs. Millicent Mundy Annesley, the widow and sole executrix; the value of the personal estate amounting to £2077.

Prince Damrong has left England for Paris, where he will remain about a fortnight before proceeding to Copenhagen, Berlin, and St. Petersburg.

Lord Tennyson has addressed the following letter to a member of the Russo-Jewish Committee: "Oct. 1, 1891. Sir.—I have read what is reported of the Russian persecutions by your paper and by the Press generally, and if that be true I can only say that Russia has disgraced her Church and her nationality. I once met the Czar. He seemed a kind and good-natured man. I can scarcely believe that he is fully aware of the barbarities perpetrated with his apparent sanction.—TENNYSON."

The *Review of the Churches* (James Clarke and Co.), a new mid-monthly periodical, is a magazine with a purpose. Its existence is due to the growing desire for some sort of reunion in Christendom. The goal of all such hopes may be very far ahead, but, at all events, the *Review* is a very complete and interesting sixpennyworth. Mr. Gladstone (briefly), the Bishop of Ripon, Earl Nelson, Dr. Parker, and the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes (all at some length) discuss with varying degrees of hopefulness the prospects of reunion; Dr. Farrar and "Nuntius" write with knowledge and pointedly on Church affairs; Dr. Donald Fraser, Dr. Mackennal, Dr. Clifford, and Mr. Bunting, of the *Contemporary*, chronicle the progress of their several communities; Dr. Farrar describes Dr. Barnardo's Homes; there are three character-sketches, the magazines are ransacked, preachers are provided with sermons and outlines, fresh missionary intelligence is collected, and there are some prompt reviews. The illustrations are many, and the *Review of the Churches* certainly opens well.

PETER ROBINSON,

OXFORD ST.

Latest Home and Continental Novelties in

SILKS, DRESSES, COSTUMES, MANTLES.

Patterns
Post Free.

FASHION-BOOKS
GRATIS.

Goods sent
on
Approval.



BRIDES' BOUQUETS from 30s.
DRAWING ROOM BOUQUETS from 21s.
BRIDESMAIDS' BOUQUETS from 10s. 6d.
BASKETS tastefully arranged from 10s. 6d.
WREATHS & CROSSES from 10s. 6d.

Special Attention
given to shading
colours in every
arrangement.

Gérard & Co.

SPECIALITÉ
TABLE DECORATIONS,
BALL ROOM DECORATIONS.

Our own Original Designs.

Ask for Estimate before ordering elsewhere.

178, REGENT STREET, W.

FLORISTS
TO
HER
MAJESTY.

COLEMAN'S LIEBIG'S
EXTRACT OF MEAT
IS THE BEST.

WORTH ET CIE,
ARTISTES EN CORSETS.

Under Royal

Patronage.

ROBES,
MODES,
LINGERIE,
and CORSETS.

LATEST
PARISIAN
NOVELTIES.



AN INSPECTION INVITED.

134, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.

WALKER'S CRYSTAL CASE WATCHES.
An Illustrated Catalogue of Watches and Clocks at
reduced prices sent free on application to
JOHN WALKER, 27, Cornhill; and 230, Regent Street.

TRY IT IN YOUR BATH.

SCRUBB'S (CLOUDY HOUSEHOLD) AMMONIA.

MARVELLOUS PREPARATION.

Refreshing as a Turkish Bath.
Invaluable for Toilet purposes.
Splendid Cleansing Preparation for the Hair.
Removes Stains and Grease Spots from Clothing, &c.
Restores the Colour to Carpets.
Cleans Plate and Jewellery.
1s. bottle for six to ten baths.
Of all Grocers, Chemists, &c.

SCRUBB & Co., 15 Red Cross Street, S.E.

HOTEL VICTORIA

NORTHUMBERLAND AVENUE, CHARING CROSS, LONDON, W.C.



ROOMS FOR ARBITRATIONS
AND MEETINGS.

BANQUETING-ROOM FOR
PRIVATE PARTIES.

THIS Magnificent Hotel is one of the Finest in the World; 500 Apartments, Public and Private Rooms and Baths, unsurpassed for comfort, convenience, and elegance. Completely lit by Electricity. Passenger Lifts to every Floor.

The Table d'Hôte for Ladies and Gentlemen,
open to Non-Residents, price 5s.

THE BEST DINNER IN LONDON.

From 6 to 8.30 p.m.

SEPARATE TABLES RESERVED FOR LARGE OR SMALL PARTIES.

Coffee-Room replete with comfort and attention.

Excellent Breakfasts and Luncheons. Wines of the finest Brands.

Large Well-Lighted Billiard-Room with Five Tables, Full Size.

Telegraphic Address: "VICTORIOLA, LONDON."

ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL



Preserves and Strengthens the Hair, and is
the best

BRILLIANTINE.

Also sold in a

GOLDEN COLOUR.

Bottles, 2s. 6d., 7s., and 10s. 6d.

NEW MUSIC.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S NEW and POPULAR MUSIC.
THE NAUTCH GIRL ; or, The Rajah of Chutney-pore.
A New Indian Comic Opera.
By **GEORGE DANCE, FRANK DESPREZ, and EDWARD SOLOMON.**
Now being performed at the Savoy Theatre with immense success.
Vocal Score 5s. 6d. net.
Pianoforte Solo 3s. 6d. net.
Quadrilles, Lancers, and Waltz, arranged by P. Bucalossi, each 2s. net.
Pianoforte Arrangements by Godfrey, Kuhe, and Smallwood.

IVANHOE.
GRAND ROMANTIC OPERA.
The Libretto adapted from Sir Walter's Scott's Novel by Julian Sturgis.
The Music composed by **ARTHUR SULLIVAN.**
Vocal Score Net 7s. 6d.
Vocal Score Bound 10s. 6d.
Pianoforte Solo 4s. 6d.
Libretto 1s. 6d.

HO, JOLLY JENKIN.
The Friar's Song from "Ivanhoe."
HO, JOLLY JENKIN.
The most popular Bass Song of the day.
Sung by all the Principal Vocalists with Enormous Success.

TOSTI'S NEW SONGS.

MY HEART'S DELIGHT.
Words by Hubi Newcombe.

MY HEART'S DELIGHT.
Sung with great success by Messrs. Lawrence Kellie, J. Robertson, and Reginald Groome.

MY HEART'S DELIGHT.
Sung with great success by Messrs. Barton McGuckin, Hirwen Jones, and Henry Piercy.

TWO.
Words by Clement Scott.

TWO.
Sung with great success by Miss Rosa Leo and Miss Kate Flinn.

TWO.
Sung with great success by Mr. C. Ravenhill, Signor Inhanes, and Mr. Claude Trevor.

EUGENE OUDIN'S NEW SONG.

SIGH FOR SIGH.
Words by Espérance.

SIGH FOR SIGH.
Sung by the Composer with great success.

FRED BEVAN'S NEW SONG.

THE GOLDEN BAR.
Words by F. E. Weatherly.
Sung with immense success by Messrs. W. H. Brereton, John Bartlett, and Reginald Groome.

THE GOLDEN BAR.
Sung with immense success by Mr. Arthur Taylor and the Composer.
The above songs, in keys to suit all voices, 2s. each net.

BECHSTEIN PIANOFORTES.—These excellent Instruments can be Hired on the Instalment System. A new Instrument chosen at the warehouse if desired, or Sold for Cash on Advantageous Terms. Bechstein's Grands and Uprights that have been used for short periods, and are nearly as good as new, for Hire or Sale at Greatly Reduced Prices at

CHAPPELL and CO.'S, 50, New Bond Street.

No. 27, BAKER STREET. No. 27.
THOMAS ORTZMANN and CO.,
Pianoforte Manufacturers only.
No other Address.

DAY by DAY, during the rebuilding of the premises, there will be a SALE of Broadwood, Collard, Erard, and other PIANOS, at hitherto unheard of low prices, to reduce the stock and prevent the inevitable damage from building operations.
THOMAS ORTZMANN and CO., 27, Baker Street, London, W.

GRAND PIANOFORTE, £10 ; Collard
Grand Piano, £15; Broadwood Cottage Piano, £16; Collard Cottage Piano, £21; Broadwood Cottage Piano, £22. At **THOMAS ORTZMANN and CO.'S REBUILDING SALE,** 27, Baker Street, W. No other Address.

BROADWOOD PIANO, £26 ; Erard
(London) Piano, £33; Collard Piano, £33; Broadwood Cottage Piano, £35; Collard Piano, £42; Hagapfel Grand Piano, 60 guineas.
THOMAS ORTZMANN and CO., 27, Baker Street, London, W.

THOSE who are able to pay cash may now obtain Great BARGAINS in genuine Broadwood, Collard, Erard (London), and Hagapfel (Dresden) Grand Pianos, full compass of seven octaves, some quite new, at **THOMAS ORTZMANN and CO.'S GREAT REBUILDING SALE,** 27, Baker Street, London, W. Packed free and sent to any part. Descriptive Price-Lists post free.

IT cannot be too widely known that **THOMAS ORTZMANN and CO.** are Pianoforte Manufacturers only, that they have no business connection with any other firm, and that their only address is 27, Baker Street, Portman Square, W.

Founded 1838.
MOORE and MOORE'S PIANOFORTES.
104 to 99 Guineas. American Organs 7 to 88 Guineas. Cash or Three Years' System. Carriage free.
104 and 105, Bishopsgate Street Within, E.C.

NICHOLSON'S



MOSCOW.
In Seal Plush, 24 to 31 Guineas. In Musk Seal-skin, 7 Guineas.
In real Alaska Seal, 25 to 40 Guineas.

St. Paul's Churchyard, Cheapside, and Paternoster Row, London.

New Winter Catalogue of Mantles, Costumes, and every requisite for Ladies' and Children's Wear, profusely Illustrated, gratis and post free.

HASTINGS AND ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA.

Acknowledged the best health and pleasure resort in the United Kingdom, with more bright sunshine recorded during autumn and winter months than any station in England; free from smoke-fogs. Tepid Swimming Baths, Piers, Theatre, and Concert Hall, open all the year; high-class hotels and first-rate apartments and boarding-houses.
C. THARLE, Robertson Street, Hastings.

HASTINGS AND ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA. THE ALBANY HOTEL, Robertson Terrace.

Facing the Sea. Due South. **FINEST POSITION ON WHOLE SEA FRONT.** Enlarged, Remodelled, Refurnished. Only Hotel with **ELECTRIC LIGHT IN EVERY ROOM. PASSENGER LIFT.** Handsome Public Rooms, Suites, and Single Rooms. Hall Lounge. Luxuriously fitted throughout. Moderate fixed tariff. Charge for attendance abolished.
C. A. SCHWABE, Manager.

MONTE CARLO.

For a summer stay, Monte Carlo adjacent to Monaco, is one of the most quiet, charming, and interesting of spots on the Mediterranean sea-coast.

The Principality has a tropical vegetation, yet the summer heat is always tempered by the sea-breezes.

The beach is covered with the softest sand; the Hotels are grand and numerous, with warm sea-baths; and there are comfortable villas and apartments replete with every comfort, as in some of our own places of summer resort in England.

Monaco is the only sea-town on the Mediterranean coast which offers to its visitors the same amusements as the Establishments on the banks of the Rhine—Theatre, Concerts, Venetian Fêtes, &c.

There is, perhaps, no town in the world that can compare in the beauty of its position with Monte Carlo, or in its special fascinations and attractions—not only by the favoured climate and by the inviting scenery, but also by the facilities of every kind for relief in cases of illness or disease, or for the restoration of health.

As a **WINTER RESORT**, Monaco occupies the first place among the winter stations on the Mediterranean sea-border; on account of its climate, its numerous attractions, and the elegant pleasures it has to offer to its guests, which make it to-day the rendezvous of the aristocratic world, the spot most frequented by travellers in Europe—in short, Monaco and Monte Carlo enjoy a perpetual spring.

Monte Carlo is only thirty-two hours from London and forty minutes from Nice.

CHOCOLAT-MENIER.

Awarded the **HIGHEST HONOURS AT ALL EXHIBITIONS.**

CHOCOLAT-MENIER

In 1/2-lb. and 1/4-lb. Packets. For **BREAKFAST, LUNCHEON, and SUPPER.**

CHOCOLAT-MENIER.

Daily Consumption exceeds 50 tons.

CHOCOLAT-MENIER.

Paris, London, New York.
Sold Everywhere.

ADVICE TO DYSPETICS.—By a Physician. This useful little pamphlet sent to any address on receipt of one stamp.—Address, The PUBLISHER, 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

A SAFE FOUR PER CENT. INVESTMENT.

THE TEMPERANCE PERMANENT BUILDING SOCIETY, 4, LUDGATE HILL, LONDON, E.C.

(ESTABLISHED 1854. INCORPORATED 1875.)
SUBSCRIBING AND COMPLETED SHARES now being issued, bearing FOUR PER CENT. interest.
DEPOSITS received at THREE PER CENT. INTEREST.

Either Investment Withdrawable at Short Notice.

MORTGAGE ASSET AT CLOSE OF 1890 .. £847,000
RESERVE FUND (secured by mortgage) .. £40,000

FOR PROSPECTUS AND FORMS APPLY TO **EDWARD WOOD, Secretary.**

LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.

THE BRIGHTON SEASON.—FREQUENT
Trains from Victoria and London Bridge.
Also Trains in connection from Kensington, Chelsea, &c.
Return Tickets, London to Brighton, available eight days.
Pullman Drawing-Room Cars between London and Brighton.
Through Boilers to Brighton from Principal Stations.
On the Railways in the Northern and Midland Districts.

BRIGHTON EVERY WEEKDAY.—A First
Class Cheap Train from Victoria 10 a.m. Day Return Tickets 12s. 6d., including Pullman Car, available to return by any Train from Brighton (Central Station) or West Brighton.

BRIGHTON EVERY SATURDAY.—Cheap
First Class Trains from Victoria at 10.40 and 11.40 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction; and from London Bridge at 9.30 a.m. and 12 noon, calling at East Croydon.
Return Tickets available to return by any Train same day, from Brighton (Central Station) or West Brighton. First Class, Half a Guinea, including admission to the Aquarium and the Royal Pavilion.

BRIGHTON.—SATURDAY AND SUNDAY
TO SUNDAY, MONDAY, OR TUESDAY.—Cheap Return Tickets to Brighton are issued every Saturday and Sunday by all Trains, according to class, from Victoria, Clapham Junction, and Balham; from Kensington (Addison Road), West Brompton, Chelsea, and Battersea; and from London Bridge, New Cross, Brockley, Honor Oak Park, and Forest Hill.
Returning by any Train, according to class, on the following Sunday, Monday, or Tuesday. Return fares from London, 14s. 8s. 6d., and 6s. 4d.

BRIGHTON EVERY SUNDAY.—First
Class Cheap Trains from Victoria 10.45 a.m. and 12.15 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Returning from Brighton (Central Station) or West Brighton by any Train the same day. Fare, First Class, 10s.
Pullman Drawing-Room Cars are run in these Trains from Victoria to Brighton (Central Station), returning from Brighton (Central Station) by the 5 p.m. and 8.40 p.m. Train. Special Cheap Fare from Victoria, including Pullman Car, 12s., also available for return (First Class) by any other Train same day from Brighton (Central Station) or West Brighton.

PARIS.—SHORTEST, CHEAPEST ROUTE.
Via NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, and ROUEN.
Two Special Express Services (Weekdays and Sundays) will this year be continued until Oct. 31.

London to Paris (1 & 2) (1, 2, 3)		Paris to London (1 & 2) (1, 2, 3)	
Victoria	a.m. p.m.	Paris	a.m. p.m.
dep. 9.0	8.50	dep. 9.0	8.50
London Bridge	" 9.0 9.0	London Bridge arr. 7.0	a.m.
Paris	p.m. a.m.	Victoria	" 7.0 7.50
arr. 6.50	8.0		

A Pullman Drawing-Room Car runs in this Train between Victoria and Newhaven.
The Morning Departure from London will on Oct. 29, 30, and 31 be postponed until 11.50 a.m., arriving in Paris 9.40 p.m. Fares—Single, First 34s. 7d., Second 25s. 7d., Third 18s. 7d. Return, First 58s. 3d., Second 42s. 3d., Third 33s. 3d. Powerful Paddle-steamers, with excellent Cabins, &c. Trains run alongside Steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe.

FOR FULL PARTICULARS see Time Books and Handbills, to be obtained at the Stations, and at the following Branch Offices, where Tickets may also be obtained: West-End General Offices, 28, Abchurch Lane, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square; Hays' Agency, Cornhill; Cook's Ludgate Circus Office; and Gaze's Office, 142, Strand.
(By Order) **A. SABLE, Secretary and General Manager.**

EDINBURGH EXHIBITION, 1890.
HIGHEST AWARD—THE DIPLOMA OF HONOUR.

BRINSMEAD PIANOS.
JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS,
PIANOFORTE MAKERS BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT TO H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES, LONDON, W.
Lists Free, and of the Leading Musicians.

PIANOS and ORGANS.—T. D'ALMAINE
and CO. Fifty per cent. discount. Ten years' warranty. Easy terms. Cottage Pianos, 8 guineas, 10 guineas, 12 guineas, &c.
Class 0, 14 guineas. Class 3, 22 guineas. Class 6, 35 guineas.
Class 1, 17 guineas. Class 4, 26 guineas. Class 7, 40 guineas.
Class 2, 20 guineas. Class 5, 30 guineas. Class 8, 45 guineas.
American Organs, by all the best Makers, from 45 guineas upwards. Full price paid will be allowed for any instrument within three years if one of a higher class be taken, and will be exchanged free if not approved of within one month. Illustrations and particulars post free.—**T. D'ALMAINE and CO.** (Established 166 Years), 91, Finsbury Pavement, London.

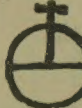
BORD'S PIANOS on SALE, with 25 per cent. discount for cash, or 15s. per month (second-hand, 10s. 6d. per month) on the three-years' hire system.—Lists free of **G. STILES and Co., 42, Southampton Row, Holborn, London.** Pianos exchanged.

WHAT IS YOUR CREST and MOTTO?
Send name and county to **CULLETON'S Heraldic Office.** Painting in heraldic colours, 7s. 6d. **PEDIGREES TRACED.** The correct colours for liveries. Arms of husband and wife blended. Crests engraved on seals and dies. Book-plates engraved in medieval and modern styles. Signet rings, 18-carat, from 42s.—25, Cranbourn Street, London, W.C.

CULLETON'S GUINEA BOX of CRESTED
STATIONERY—A half-ream of BEST QUALITY Paper and SQUARE ENVELOPES, all stamped in COLOUR with Crest or Address. No charge for engraving steel die. Wedding and Invitation Cards. A card-plate and 50 best Visiting Cards, 2s. 8d.—**T. CULLETON, Seal Engraver, 25, Cranbourn Street (corner of St. Martin's Lane), London, W.C.**

ECZEMA Perfectly Cured.—**ECZEMA** driven from the system. **ECZEMA** entirely eradicated. Send stamped addressed envelope to B.A. "Mercury" Office, Bridgewater, Somerset. "NO CURE, NO PAY."

THE BEST JUDGES OF CIGARS
NOW OBTAIN THEIR SUPPLIES AT
BENSON'S, 61, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD
Really good Foreign Cigars at **London.**
16s., 20s., 22s. per 100 (and upwards). Samples 5 for 1s. (14 stamps.)

LIQUEUR OF THE GRANDE CHARTREUSE.

This delicious Liqueur, which has lately come so much into public favour on account of its wonderful properties of aiding Digestion and preventing Dyspepsia, can now be had of all the principal Wine and Spirit Merchants.
Sole Consignee—**W. DOYLE, 55, Crutcheffriars, London, E.C.**

BERTELLI'S CATRAMIN PILLS GOLD MEDAL

WILL CURE COLDS, CATARRH, COUGHS, ASTHMA, SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, CONSUMPTION, TUBERCULOSIS, INFLUENZA, DYSPEPSIA.

We wish to treat the worst and most complicated cases of Catarrh and Chest Complaints, especially those which have resisted all other remedies.

It is quite easy with our preparation to cure light or recent cases; all is over in thirty-six hours; but it is in serious instances that the action of our remedy is really wonderful. We are sure to succeed where others have failed. Doctors recommend BERTELLI'S CATRAMIN PILLS.

"I have been a sufferer from chronic bronchitis for eight years. About two weeks ago my friend Mr. Stanway of Horsely Fields asked me to try Bertelli's Catramin Pills. . . I am feeling better altogether, and two boxes more should complete the cure.—**JULIA WILLIAMS, 16, North Street, Wolverhampton, Oct. 1, 1891.**"
"299, York Street, Belfast, Oct. 5, 1891. I have received the two boxes of Bertelli's Catramin Pills. I had them tried, and they did very much good.—**JACOB WALSH, Chemist.**"

REPORT of Dr. BART. SASSELLS, Director of the Civic Hospital, Queen Square, W.C., London: "Bertelli's Catramin Pills gave excellent results in chronic catarrhal affections, diminishing the cough, facilitating expectoration, diminishing the catarrh. On account of their pleasant taste, they can easily be taken and tolerated. They have an undoubted superiority over all other remedies."

REPORT of Dr. GEORGE SCHMITZ, Imperial Sanitary Councillor, Cologne, who formed part of the jury of the Medical Section at the International Exhibition at Cologne: "Having been officially charged to experiment on Bertelli's Catramin Pills, I declare that in children and adults they gave the most splendid results, instantly calming the cough, facilitating expectoration, curing bronchitis and catarrh. On account of their antiseptic power over Koch's tuberculous bacillus, I strongly recommend them to combat tuberculous phthisis."—Sept. 6, 1889.

REPORT of Dr. REYTER, General Director of the Health Department of the Congo Free State: "Bertelli's Catramin Pills are the most pleasant, the most practical, and the most incorruptible pharmaceutical preparations, especially here, where everything is spoilt by the excessive heat and damp. They are excellent in all diseases of the chest, and it will be a great benefit if their use becomes popular in the whole of Equatorial Africa."—Boma, April 5, 1890.

In the "Lancet," London, Sept. 26 (G. Ad.) is said: ". . . known in the trade as **BERTELLI'S CATRAMIN PILLS**. . . and awarded a Gold Medal at the Edinburgh International Exhibition. It is in diseases of the respiratory organs that these pills give the best results, and, indeed, in colds, laryngitis, sore throats, bronchitis, inflammation of the lungs, asthma, influenza, and even in phthisis and tuberculosis, their merit is incontestable. We beg to draw attention to the fact that not the least merit of these pills consists in their being a powerful help to the digestion, even for the weakest stomachs. There is no need to comment on this fact. Every medical man will recognise its importance."

In the "Hospital Gazette" (G. Ad.), Oct. 3, is said: "On account of their pleasant balsamic taste, even children like them. Old people, and those who have weak stomachs, digest them with extraordinary ease. Also in catarrh of the bladder and intestines, **BERTELLI'S CATRAMIN PILLS** form a precious remedy, which is warmly recommended to all doctors. . . On account of its antiseptic power, **BERTELLI'S CATRAMIN OIL** kills Koch's bacillus. Many doctors prescribe these pills as preventive against malaria, influenza, and infectious fevers."

BERTELLI'S CATRAMIN PILLS
to all parts of the world (Postal Union) against a remittance of 9s. to **BERTELLI'S CATRAMIN CO., 64 and 65, Holborn Viaduct, London.** Full directions with each box. Pamphlet free on application. Mention this Paper.



Awarded at the Edinburgh International Exhibition, 1890.
This delicate Liqueur, which has lately come so much into public favour on account of its wonderful properties of aiding Digestion and preventing Dyspepsia, can now be had of all the principal Wine and Spirit Merchants.
Sole Consignee—**W. DOYLE, 55, Crutcheffriars, London, E.C.**

(Awarded Gold Medal at the Edinburgh International Exhibition, and Seven other Gold Medals) can be had of all Chemists and Druggists throughout the world. Price 2s. 6d. per Box. Four Boxes, sufficient in most serious cases, will be sent post free on application. Pamphlet free on application. Mention this Paper.

MUSIC.

Pietro Mascagni's one-act opera, "Cavalleria Rusticana," was performed for the first time in this country on the opening night of Signor Lago's autumn season at the Shaftesbury Theatre, Monday, Oct. 19, and received with much the same enthusiasm as it had previously commanded on the Continent and in America. A great work of art it may not be, but that it reveals genius of no common order is undeniable. The story, swift in action and strong in interest, deals with the deepest of human passions—love, jealousy, revenge. The scene is laid in Sicily, amid picturesque surroundings, and the personages of the drama are peasants. The stage action suffices for the development of a plot wherein a betrayed heroine, after appealing in vain to her lover to discard his new mistress (a married woman), discloses to the latter's husband the secret of their mutual dishonour, and thus brings about a duel, in which her heartless lover gets killed. Signor Mascagni's music presents a no less remarkable concentration of dramatic vigour and powerful sentiment. His ideas may point clearly to the influence of Verdi, Boito, and Bizet, not to speak of his own teacher Ponchielli; but they are finely expressed, and they suggest great possibilities in the future. For Mascagni shows himself

a master not only in his illustration of the main incidents of the story, but in his characteristic setting of such episodic numbers as the "Siciliana," sung by Turiddu in the prelude, the effective prayer for the leading soprano and chorus, the air for Alfio with chorus, and the clever *brindisi* for the tenor. The Intermezzo, too, is charming, while the instrumentation generally indicates abundant command over the resources of the modern orchestra. Altogether, therefore, we consider the "Cavalleria Rusticana" worthy of its reputation, and a gem of which Italy has a right to be proud. The performance at the Shaftesbury does not attain beyond a moderate degree of excellence. The tenor, Signor Francesco Vignas, is the best artist in the cast. He has a voice of high compass, good quality, and ample power, and sings and acts well. The soprano, Mdlle. Adelaide Musiani, has an irritating tremolo, but is a genuine dramatic singer; while Mdlle. Marie Brema, Miss Grace Damian, and Signor Brombara fill the other parts creditably. The chorus is inferior to the orchestra, though Signor Arditi does his best with both. The earlier portion of the evening's bill is filled by two acts of Ricci's opera, "Crispino e la Comare," in which the peculiarities of the old Italian buffo school are reproduced with curious effect. This programme is announced for Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. On the

second night of the season, Signor Lago revived Rossini's "La Cenerentola," which had not been given in London for nearly twenty years. It is not one of the composer's masterpieces, and is chiefly remembered in connection with the air "Non più mesta," sung by the contralto heroine. This part was sustained by Mdlle. Guerrina Fabbri, an artist of some merit. On Tuesday, Oct. 20, Sir Augustus Harris began his autumn opera season at Covent Garden with a capital performance of "Roméo et Juliette." The house was well filled, and the new French artists, who made their first appearance, were received with singular warmth and favour. Mdlle. Simonnet, of the Opéra Comique, made a charming Juliette, looking the character thoroughly and rendering her music with delightful grace as well as true artistic sentiment. M. Cossira, of the Grand Opéra, was rather more nervous than his fair companion, but his agreeable voice, dignified bearing, and impassioned style created a satisfactory impression. M. Tyssière, another new-comer, was excellent as Capulet, and the new conductor, M. Jehin, won golden opinions all round. M. Dufrique, Signor Abramoff, and Mdlle. Agnes Janson were once more admirable in familiar impersonations, while the chorus and orchestra, like the *mise en scène*, were quite up to the mark of the regular season.

FLORILINE FOR THE TEETH AND BREATH.

Is the BEST LIQUID DENTIFRICE in the World.
Prevents the decay of the TEETH.
Renders the Teeth PEARLY WHITE.
Removes all traces of Tobacco smoke.
Is perfectly harmless and delicious to the Taste.
Is partly composed of Honey and extracts from sweet herbs and plants.

OF ALL CHEMISTS AND PERFUMERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.
2s. 6d. per Bottle.
FLORILINE TOOTH POWDER, only put in glass jars. Price 1s.

Hindes PATENT Hair Curlers

"BRIGHT METAL. SIXPENCE the BOX of FOUR. Imitations absolutely useless are offered. See the words 'Hindes Patent' are on the box. Of all Dealers; or Sample Box, Seven Stamps.

HINDES, LIMITED
(London): METROPOLITAN WORKS, BIRMINGHAM.

Mrs Langtry writes: "I find them invaluable."



BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES

Cure Cough, Cold, Hoarseness, and Influenza,
Cure any Irritation or Soreness of the Throat,
Relieve the Hacking Cough in Consumption,
Relieve Bronchitis, Asthma, and Catarrh,
Clear and give strength to the voice of SINGERS,
And are indispensable to PUBLIC SPEAKERS.

Of all Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors,
1s. 1 1/2d. per Box.

NOTICE.

See that the words "Brown's Bronchial Troches" are on the Government Stamp round each Box, without which none are genuine.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING.

Greatly facilitates the process of Teething, by softening the gums, reducing all inflammation; will allay ALL PAIN and spasmodic action, and is

SURE TO REGULATE THE BOWELS.

Depend upon it, Mothers, it will give rest to yourselves and

RELIEF & HEALTH TO YOUR INFANTS.

Sold by all Chemists, at 1s. 1 1/2d. per Bottle.



THE KODAK

TRADE-MARK

SEVEN NEW SIZES,

"YOU PRESS THE BUTTON,
WE DO THE REST."

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE.

THE EASTMAN PHOTO MATERIALS CO., Ltd.,
115, Oxford Street, London, W.
Paris: 4, Place Vendôme.

Allen & Hanburys' Infants' Food.



PETER ROBINSON, BLACK GOODS

AND
GENERAL MOURNING WAREHOUSE,
256 to 262, REGENT ST.

ESTIMATES AND PATTERNS FREE.

FUNERALS FURNISHED.

MOURNING ORDERS.

On receipt of letter or telegram, experienced Assistants are always in readiness to take a full assortment of Mourning Goods to any address in TOWN or COUNTRY, at the same reasonable prices as if purchased in the Warehouse, and travelling expenses are not charged whatever the distance.

Ladies who wear, from choice, black or neutral colours, will find at this Establishment a full Assortment of the

LATEST CONTINENTAL NOVELTIES IN
MANTLES AND GOWNS.

Telegraphic Address—"PETER ROBINSON, LONDON."
Telephone No. 3557.



ROBINSON and CLEAVER'S CAMBRIC POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS.

Samples and Price Lists post free; also of
Linen, Collars, Shirts, &c.
Embroidered Handkerchiefs, from
1s. to 20s. each.

Children's .. 1/3 Hemstitched:—
Ladies' .. 2/2 Ladies' .. 2/11 Per Doz.
Gent's .. 3/3 Gent's .. 3/11

ROBINSON & CLEAVER, BELFAST.

NO TRUSS

In the a Rup-
like Dr.
Elastic
Trusses.
This Celebrated
radically cured thousand
cases. No Iron Hoops or Steel
Springs. It can be worn with ease and comfort
Night and Day. Perfect fitting Trusses sent to any
part of the world by Mail and safe delivery guaranteed.
Write for free Pamphlet No. 1. Put proper postage on
your letter and address MAGNETIC ELASTIC
TRUSS CO., San Francisco, Cal., U. S. A.



DORÉ GALLERY.

GUSTAVE DORÉ'S GREAT PICTURES form the Grandest Collection (of a Religious Character) in the World. They are extremely interesting and impressive. Visitors to London should on no account fail to see these magnificent and exceptional WORKS OF ART.
Daily, Ten to Six, 1s. 3s, New Bond Street, W.

EGIDIUS.—The only SHIRT that takes the place of the ordinary flannel; does not shrink in washing, soft as silk, warm as wool. Sole Makers, RICHARD FORD and CO., 41, Poultry, London.

EGIDIUS.—This beautiful Fabric, made expressly for the manufacturers of the Eureka Shirt. Write for Pattern and all particulars, forwarded free from the only Makers, R. FORD and CO., 41, Poultry, London.

SHIRTS.—FORD'S EUREKA SHIRTS. The acme of perfection for fit and quality. R. FORD and CO., 41, Poultry, London.

SHIRTS.—FORD'S EUREKA SHIRTS. Special to Measure. 30s., 40s., 45s. the half-dozen. Illustrated Self-measure post free. R. FORD and CO., 41, Poultry, London.

SHIRTS.—OLD SHIRTS Refronted, Wrist and Collar Banded, fine linen, three for 6s.; superior 7s. 6d.; extra fine, 9s. Send three (not less) with c.n. Returned ready for use, carriage paid. R. FORD and CO., 41, Poultry, London.

THE TOWER FURNISHING COMPANY, Limited, supply GOODS on HIRE direct from Manufacturers; one, two, or three years' credit, without security. Particulars have the choice of 100 wholesale houses. Call or write for prospectus. Address, SECRETARY, 43, Great Tower St., E.C.

GOLDEN HAIR.—Robare's AUREOLINE produces the beautiful golden colour so much admired. Warranted perfectly harmless. Price 5s. 6d. and 10s. 6d. of all principal Perfumers and Chemists throughout the world. Agents, R. HOVENDEN and SONS, 31 and 32, Berners St., W.

TAYLOR'S CIMOLITE is the only thoroughly harmless SKIN POWDER. Prepared by an experienced Chemist, and constantly prescribed by the most eminent Skin Doctors. Post free. Sent for 14 or 36 penny stamps. MOST INVALUABLE.
J. TAYLOR, Chemist, 13, Baker Street, London, W.

"ANY DOCTOR WILL TELL YOU" there is no better Cough Medicine than KEATING'S LOZENGES. One gives relief; if you suffer from cough, try them but once; they will cure, and they will not injure your health; they contain only the purest and simplest drugs, skilfully combined. Sold everywhere, in 134d. Tins.

CHRISTMAS CARDS for foreign and home mails. Try the Fine Art Co's ANNUAL SAMPLE ADVERTISEMENTS. PICTURES of 50 New Season's Cards (assorted designs to suit all tastes). 50 Cards, value 5s., sent by return post free for 1s. 3d. Postal Order or 16 stamps. 50 value 6s., free for 1s. 6d. P.O. or 19 stamps. 50 value 8s., free for 2s. 0d. P.O. or 25 stamps. 50 value 10s., free for 2s. 6d. P.O. or 32 stamps. 50 value 12s., free for 3s. 0d. P.O. or 44 stamps. 50 value 16s., free for 4s. 0d. P.O. or 50 stamps. The Trade supplied, also Schools and Charities. AGENTS WANTED. Liberal commission and handsome bonuses. Best goods only. Last season we sent by post 39,800 packets (Two Millions of Cards) without a complaint. Thousands of unsolicited Testimonials. Address: THE FINE ART COMPANY, Clive Vale, Hastings.

DEAFNESS.—THE AURAL WORLD, a large Monthly Magazine dealing with all subjects relating to diseases of the Ear, as well as general health notes. Contributed to by leading Aurists. Should be read by all persons suffering from Deafness, Noises in the Head, or other aural troubles. Every copy worth guineas. Post free, 7d.—Publishers, AURAL WORLD (List A 43), No. 22, Warwick Lane, London, E.C.

Allen & Hanburys' A Castor Oil

Tasteless. Pure. Active.
Sold everywhere at 6d., 1/1, 1/9 & 3/.

WINE OF ST. ROCH.

"The best of all dinner wines."—
Medical Encyclopedia.

Silver Cases. **BENSON'S "BANK."** Silver Cases.

£15



STRONGEST AND CHEAPEST **£5**
SILVER KEYLESS ENGLISH LEVER WATCH
Ever made at the price. THREE-QUARTER PLATE MOVEMENT, Compensation Balance, Jewelled in Rubies, Strong Keyless Action, in Sterling Silver Crystal Glass Case, £5. A neat and elegant Watch for Gentlemen's Wear. Thousands have been sold.

BENSON'S WATCHES.

Guaranteed for Strength, Accuracy, Durability, and Value.

BENSON'S LADY'S KEYLESS LEVER WATCH

Gold Cases. Is fitted with a Three-Quarter Plate LEVER Movement, Compound Balance, Jewelled throughout, and Strong Keyless Action. The Cases are of 18-Carat Gold, Strong, and Well Made, either Hunting, Half-Hunting, or Crystal Glass, richly Engraved all over, or Plain Polished, with Monogram Engraved Free.

Silver Cases. **£10**

Price **£10**; or in Silver Cases, **£5**.
Thousands have been sold, and purchasers testify to the excellent timekeeping performances of these Watches.
Lady's Gold Albert Chains to Match, from **£1 15s.**

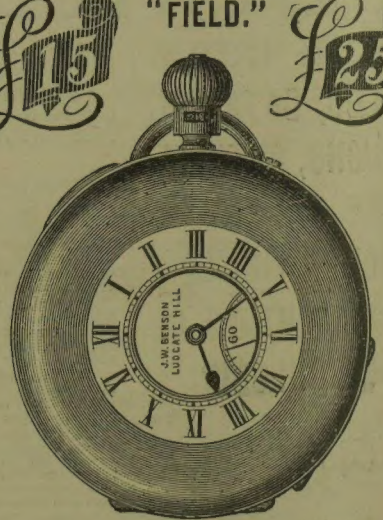
All the Watches shown here sent Free and Safe, at our risk, to all parts of the World, on receipt of Draft, Cash, or Post-Office Order, payable at General Post Office.

For further particulars see Benson's New ILLUSTRATED Book containing over 200 pages of Illustrations of Watches from £2 2s. to £500. Jewellery, Clocks, Presentation and Domestic Plate. The Largest and most Complete Catalogue published. Free on application to

**THE STEAM FACTORY—
J. W. BENSON, 62 & 64, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.**
And at 23, ROYAL EXCHANGE, E.C.; and 25, OLD BOND STREET, W.




Silver Cases. **BENSON'S "FIELD."** Gold Cases. **£25**



ENGLISH LEVER HALF-CHRONOMETER.
Best London Make, for Rough Wear, with Breguet Spring to prevent variation when worn on horseback, &c. Specially adapted for Hunting Men, Colonists, Travellers, Officers, &c. from whom HUNDREDS of TESTIMONIALS have been received.
In Hunting, Half-Hunting, or Crystal Glass Cases, 18-carat Gold, £25; or Silver, £15.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER

Prevents the Hair from falling off.
Restores Grey or White Hair to its ORIGINAL COLOUR.
Being delicately perfumed, it leaves no unpleasant odour.
Is NOT a dye, and therefore does not stain the skin, or even white linen.
Should be in every house where a HAIR RENEWER is needed.

OF ALL CHEMISTS & HAIRDRESSERS, price 2s. 6d.

NOTICE.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER may now be obtained in New York from the ANGLO-AMERICAN DRUG CO., 217, FULTON STREET, and all Druggists.

F R Y'S PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA

To secure this Article, please ask for "Fry's Pure Concentrated Cocoa."

"It is especially adapted to those whose digestive organs are weak."—Sir Charles A. Cameron, M.D.

"PELICAN" SELF-FEEDING PEN (Patented),

in polished vulcanite, handsomely encased, fitted with special barrel pen in 14-carat gold, iridium-pointed. Has extra large reservoir of ink, perfectly secured against leakage in the pocket. Writes instantly and continuously. Price 10s. 6d. each. Of all Stationers. Wholesale only of

THOS. DE LA RUE and CO., London.

"SWIFT" RESERVOIR PENHOLDER (Patented),

fitted with non-corrodible iridium-pointed pen, 2s. 6d.; with gold pen, iridium-pointed, 5s. 6d., 10s. 6d., and 12s. 6d. Of all Stationers. Wholesale only of

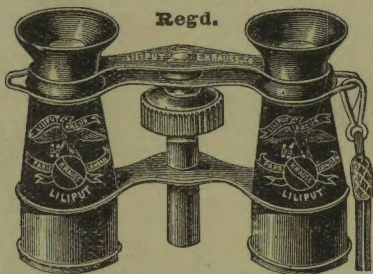
THOS. DE LA RUE and CO., London.

"ISOBATH" CONSTANT-LEVEL INKSTAND (Patented),

automatic in action and offering unique advantages. Has a large reservoir of ink, secure from dust and evaporation, and a small dipping-well, in which the ink is always maintained at the same level. Made in about 30 varieties. Prices from 5s. Also the "Isobath" Mucilage Jar, 6s.; and the "Isobath" Stamp and Envelope Damper, 7s. and 10s. 6d. Of all Stationers. Wholesale only of

THOS. DE LA RUE and CO., London.

THE "LILIPUT"



Price 16s. 6d., with soft Leather Case and Cord.

The "LILIPUT" is a very useful, light, but strong vest-pocket Field and Opera Glass. Its particular and newly invented Perfect Achromatic Combination Glasses are made in accordance with the directions of the Technical Artillery Commission Office of Poitiers (France), and render the "LILIPUT" equal if not superior to all the large and cumbersome glasses generally used in the Army, Travelling, Theatres, Races, &c. 50,000 in use all over Europe. Thousands of best testimonials.

Illustrated Catalogue sent free on demand.

E. KRAUSS & CO.
10, Shaftesbury Avenue, Piccadilly Circus.
PARIS—4, AVENUE DE LA REPUBLIQUE.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS. FOR LIVER.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS. FOR BILE.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS. FOR INDIGESTION.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS. FOR HEARTBURN.



ED. PINAUD

PARIS, 37, Bd de Strasbourg

ED. PINAUD'S Celebrated Perfumes
VIOLET OF PARMA | THEODORA
IXORA BREONI | AIDA

ED. PINAUD'S QUININE WATER
The world-renowned hair tonic; prevents the hair from falling off.

ED. PINAUD'S IXORA SOAP
The best soap known.

Sold by all First-class Perfumers.
Wholesale: R. HOVENDE & SONS,
31, Berners Street (Oxford Street), London, W.

SEQUAH'S PRAIRIE FLOWER,

SEQUAH'S OIL,

AND

SEQUAH'S INSTANT RELIEF

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

SEQUAH'S WORLD-RENOWNED REMEDIES

Always give satisfaction, and

ONCE USED

they are

ALWAYS

USED.



FULL DIRECTIONS ACCOMPANY EACH BOTTLE.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

SEE THAT THE NAME SEQUAH IS BLOWN IN EVERY BOTTLE.

See that the words Sequah, Limited, are Engraved on every Government Stamp over the Cork.

SEQUAH'S PREPARATIONS.

PRAIRIE FLOWER,

SEQUAH'S OIL,

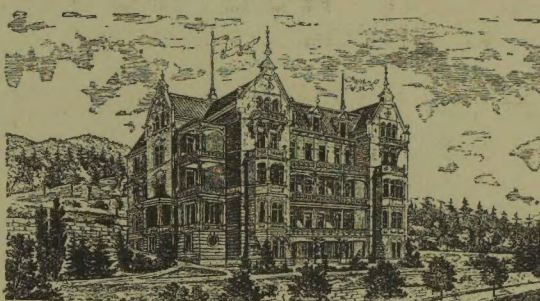
AND

SEQUAH'S INSTANT RELIEF

Are now universally acknowledged to be the best of all

HOUSEHOLD REMEDIES.

The Chemists everywhere say there never were Medicines which gave greater satisfaction, or which had so large and phenomenal a sale.



BADEN-BADEN

Private Klinik for Ladies,

"QUISISANA."

Open the whole year.

PROSPECTUS.

MEDICAL ADVISER:

Dr. BAUMGÄRTNER.

THE OLDEST AND BEST.

"THE QUEEN"

Feels no hesitation in recommending its use.—Dec. 22, 1883.

Sold by Grocers, Ironmongers, Cabinetmakers, Oilmen, &c.

MANUFACTORY: VALLEY ROAD, SHEFFIELD.

ADAMS'S FURNITURE POLISH.

HIERATICA

THE ANCIENT WRITING PAPER OF THE PRIESTS.

NOW THE FAVOURITE NOTE PAPER.

A Parchment Paper at moderate price. Hard smooth surface, delightful to write upon.
For Private Correspondence - 5 Qrs. 1/- Court Shape Envelopes - 1/- per 100
Thin for Foreign - 5 " 1/- Thin for Foreign Correspondence - 100
For Sermons, ruled or plain - 5 " 1/6 " Court Shape 1/6 " 100
Every Sheet and Envelope bears the Water-mark "HIERATICA." Reject Imitations.
Of all Stationers. Insist on having "HIERATICA"; or send stamps to
HIERATICA WORKS, 68, Upper Thames Street, London, E.C. Samples Free. Parcels Carriage Paid.

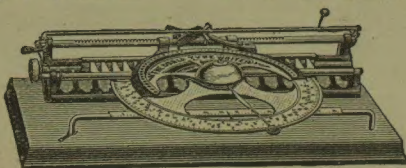
BIRD'S CUSTARD POWDER

Supplies a Daily Luxury. Dainties in Endless Variety.
The Choicest Dishes and the Richest Custard.
NO EGGS REQUIRED!

THE WORLD TYPEWRITER.

SIZE:

12in. x 6½in. x 2½in.



FOR BUSINESS

AND

PRIVATE USE.

This Machine writes Seventy-seven characters—Capitals and Small Letters. Is rapid and exact. Can be operated on at sight. Is practicable, durable, and simple. Will do its work as efficiently as any Typewriter.

OVER 50,000 IN USE.

Price £2 10s. In Polished Walnut Case, £3.

Wholesale Agents: London, MARKT & CO., 3, New Zealand Avenue; Glasgow, JOHN T. CONNELL & CO.; Dublin, BOOTH BROS.

UMBRELLAS.

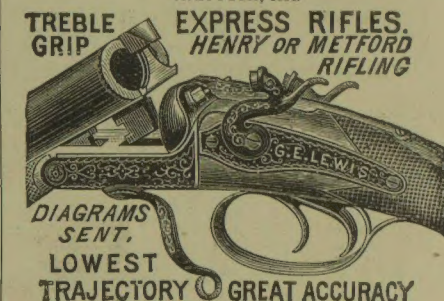


SAMUEL FOX & Co., Limited, have added to their celebrated frames decided improvements (protected by Letters Patent) which give increased Stability and greater Neatness to the Umbrella.

SAMUEL FOX & Co., Limited, manufacture the Steel specially for all their frames, and are thus able to provide exceptional quality at a merely nominal price over inferior makes.

New Illustrated Catalogue for 1891 now ready.

"THE GUN OF THE PERIOD." TRADE-MARK. REGD. HONOURS, PARIS, 1878; SYDNEY, 1879; MELBOURNE, 1880; CALCUTTA, 1884.



RIFLES for Big Game Shooting, 4, 8, and 10 bores, 20 to 50 guineas; 300, 400, 450, 500, and 577 Bore Express—Rook Rifles, non-fouling, cartridge-ejecting—380, 360, 340, 320, 300, and 220 bores, from 3 to 10 guineas; Single Hammerless, same bores, 8 to 10 guineas. CAPE GUNS, one barrel rifled, other barrel smooth bore for shot or spherical ball—as M.L.'s from 6 guineas; as B.L.'s from 10 to 30 guineas. COLONIAL GUNS, one pair of barrels, rifled, with extra shot barrels, choked or cylinders, from 18 to 40 guineas, this latter forming a battery of itself for the man of moderate means; 360 to 577 rifled barrels, 10 to 28 bore shot for paper or brass shells. Send six stamps for Catalogue of Guns, Rifles, and Revolvers, the largest Stock in the Trade, to G. E. LEWIS, Gun Maker, 32 & 33, Lower Lovejoy Street, Birmingham. Established 1850.

Telegrams: "Period, Birmingham."

BOILING WATER OR MILK.

EPPS'S GRATEFUL—COMFORTING. COCOA

BREAKFAST OR SUPPER.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS and OINTMENT. The Pills purify the blood, correct all disorders of the liver, stomach, kidneys, and bowels. The Ointment is unrivalled in the cure of bad legs, old wounds, gout, rheumatism.

THE WORSHOFEN WATER-CURE. Only Authorised English Translation.

MY WATER-CURE. As Tested through more than Thirty Years, and described for the Healing of Diseases and the Preservation of Health. By SEBASTIAN KNEIPP, Parish Priest of Worshofen (Bavaria). With a Portrait and other Illustrations. Translated from the Thirtieth German Edition by A. de P. Crown 8vo, 8s.

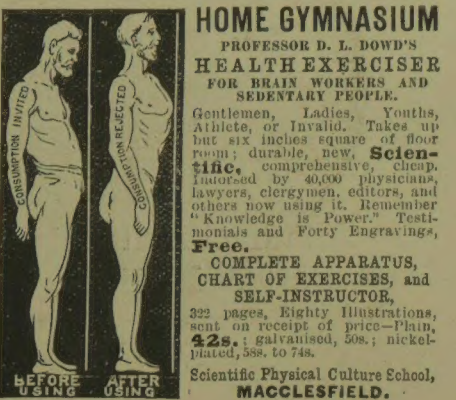
"Undoubtedly a 'quaint book' there is something restorative in its very unconventional simplicity and earnestness."—Saturday Review.

"The water-cure is marvellous in its effect, but entirely natural and legitimately reasonable."—Birmingham Gazette.

"A truly wonderful account of the achievements of water."—Observer.

"Written in a simple and at the same time charming manner, which cannot fail to impress the reader with its earnestness."—Family Doctor.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD and SONS, Edinburgh and London.



HOME GYMNASIUM

PROFESSOR D. L. DOWD'S HEALTH EXERCISER FOR BRAIN WORKERS AND SEDENTARY PEOPLE.

Gentlemen, Ladies, Youths, Athletes, or Invalid. Takes up but six inches square of floor room; durable, new, Scientific, comprehensive, cheap. Indorsed by 40,000 physicians, lawyers, clergymen, editors, and others now using it. Remember "Knowledge is Power." Testimonials and Forty Engravings, Free.

COMPLETE APPARATUS, CHART OF EXERCISES, and SELF-INSTRUCTOR.

322 pages, Eighty Illustrations, sent on receipt of price—Plain, 42s.; galvanized, 50s.; nickel-plated, 58s. to 74s.

Scientific Physical Culture School, MACCLESFIELD.

THE FLOWER
OF REMEDIES

The
World's
Medicine

BEECHAM'S
PILLS

SOLD BY
ALL DRUGGISTS &
PATENT MEDICINE DEALERS

WORTH A GUINEA
A BOX

Manufactured only by THOMAS BEECHAM, St. Helen's, Lancashire, and sold by all Druggists and Patent Medicine Dealers everywhere, in Boxes, 9½d., 1s. 1½d., and 2s. 9d. each.

Full Directions given with each Box.